

P.  
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C.

# RED SEAL COMICS

NO. 16  
10¢

HARRY A. CHILLER  
WORLD'S  
Greatest  
COMICS



# WEB COMIC UNIVERSE.COM



THE

# Black Dwarf



Riding on the crest of a crime wave, chuckling with menacing mirth and brandishing a knife that bears countless notches-- the beggar king comes to town. Result: the police go on a diet of black coffee and fingernails while the Black Dwarf and his squad of ex-crooks defy blind men's bludgeons and cripples leaded canes to reach a savage showdown with the beggars' bloody monarch!

A jealous underworld makes life dangerous for a beggar king in Chicago--

HEY! DON'T CLOSE THAT GATE, YOU! I'VE GOT TO CATCH THAT TRAIN!



HOLD YOUR HOSES, KING! YOU'RE GETTING A FREE RIDE TO JOLIET PRISON, COURTESY OF THE CHICAGO POLICE!



YOU'RE BUCKING FOR A SLOW RIDE IN A HEARSE, FLATFOOT! NEW YORK'S MY DESTINATION!



Twenty minutes later, police teletypes flash a "Wanted for Murder" on the beggar king.

FORT WAYNE DETECTIVES REQUESTED TO BOARD AND SEARCH TRAIN! CAUTION-- KILLER IS POWERFULLY BUILT AND EXTREMELY TREACHEROUS!



But outside Gary, Indiana...

AH, NOW TO RIDE IN STYLE! I HATE THEM PARLOR CARS!

HEY, JOE! COME, SEE! ROYALTY'S HOPPIN' ABOARD!



COPS AREN'T QUICK ENOUGH TO CATCH THAT OLD RASCAL. BET HE'S COMING HERE TO NEW YORK. I'D BETTER TIP OFF MY CREW!



NOT COMING UP TO THE GYM, WILSON?

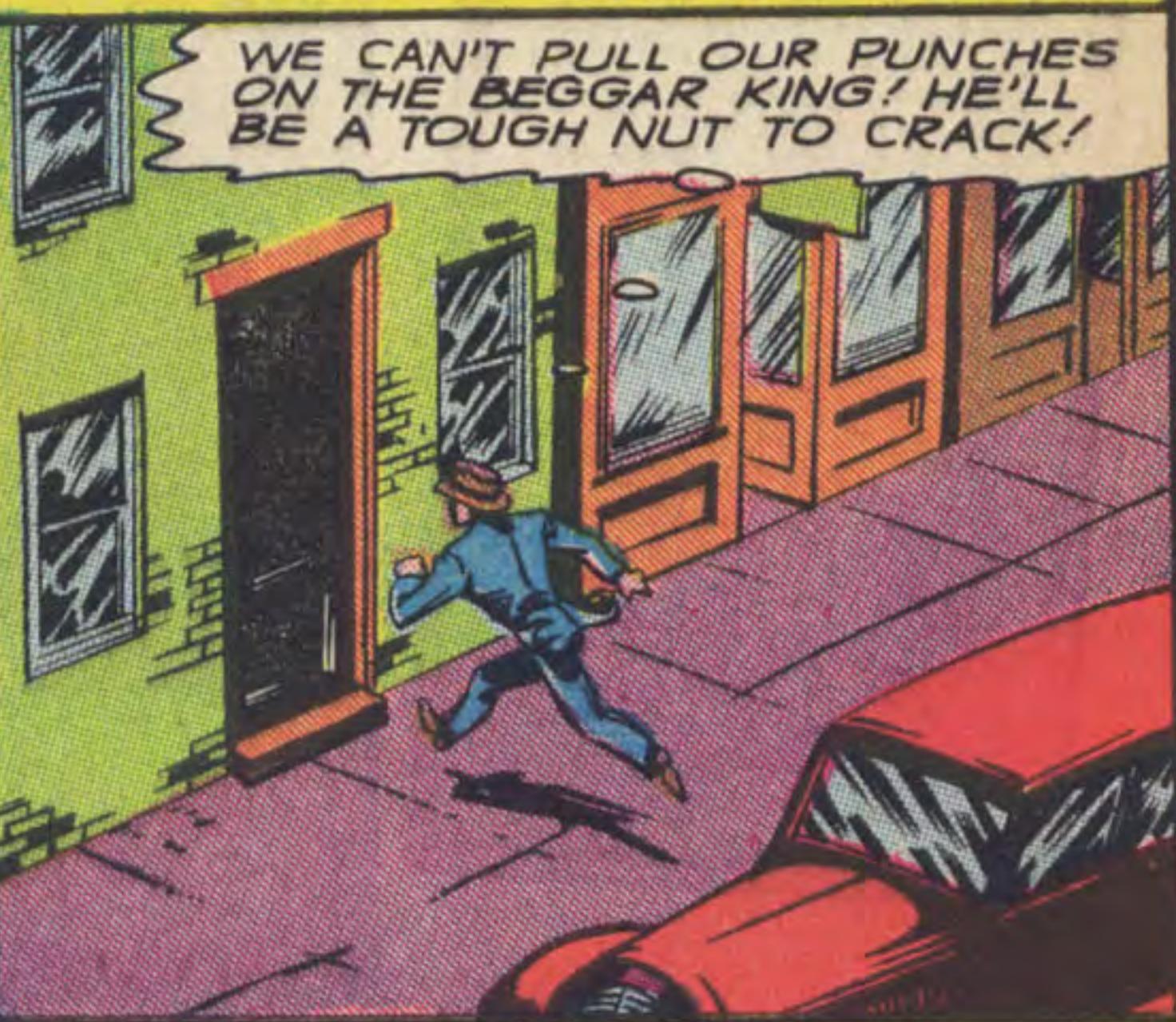
NO HANDBALL TODAY, JUDGE. TOMORROW, PERHAPS!



JUDGE THAYER WOULD HAVE NINE FITS IF HE DISCOVERED THAT SHORTY WILSON-- WEALTHY SPORTSMAN AND FORMER ALL-AMERICAN END IS THE BLACK DWARF!



Parking his coupe, Shorty heads for a dingy stairway that leads to the Black Dwarf's headquarters.



WE CAN'T PULL OUR PUNCHES ON THE BEGGER KING! HE'LL BE A TOUGH NUT TO CRACK!

I EXPECT THE BOYS BACK ANY MINUTE, BOSS. WHAT'S COOKIN' IN CRIME'S KITCHEN?

HOLDUPS, PURSE SNATCHING AND PICKPOCKETING UNDER THE EXPERT SUPERVISION OF THE BEGGAR KING!



THEY'LL RUN THE COPS RAGGED! THINK WE CAN BREAK UP THE BEGGARS, ARSENIC?

I'LL GUARANTEE IT WON'T BE A BLOODLESS BATTLE, BOSS! HERE COME THE BOYS!



ABOUT FACE, NITRO! YOU AND THE HUMAN FLY ARE GOING TO FIND ME A BEARDED GIANT!

YOU KIDDIN'? UH- THE BEGGAR KING AIN'T IN TOWN?



ON THE BALL, NITRO! A FAMOUS SAFE CRACKER LIKE YOU AIN'T AFRAID OF A RAGGETY OLE BEGGAR!

I AIN'T 'FRAID OF NOTHIN' SMALLER THAN A MOOSE, MR. FLY! LET'S GO!



JUMP INTO YOUR GLAD RAGS, TOOTS, AND DRAG OLD FIFTY- SEVENTH STREET WITH YOUR SEQUIN PURSE!

I HATE MOLL BUZZERS. MUST I BRING 'IM BACK ALIVE?



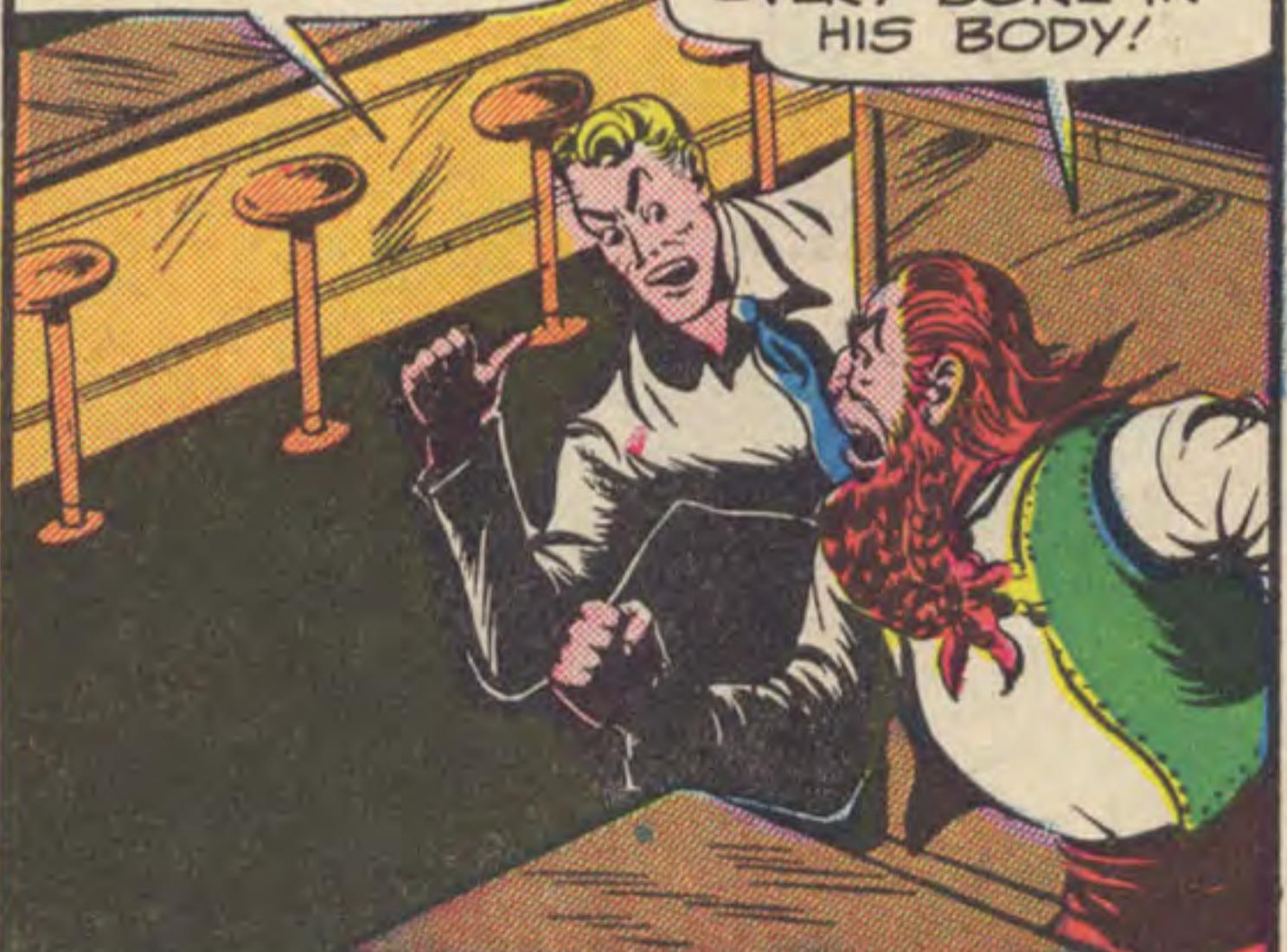
AHA! THE SWEET SYMPHONY OF POLICE CAR SIRENS! BEGGAR KING HAS COMPETITION-- OR IS GIVING IT!



Meanwhile in a Bowery hash house-

GUY JUST PHONED THAT BLACK DWARF IS ON THE TOWN TONIGHT, KING!

SNOOPIN' EH? I'LL FIND THAT RUNT AND BREAK EVERY BONE IN HIS BODY!



YOU KNOW BLACK DWARF? WHERE CAN I FIND HIM, PARROT?

CRIPES, KING! DON'T ASK ME! I KEEP MESELF WHERE THE BLACK DWARF AIN'T!



POSSIBLY I CAN AID IN THE SEARCH, YOUR MAJESTY!

HARRUMPH! GET THAT GAT OFF MY BACK, YOU SAWED OFF SKUNK!



IXNAY ON THE HORSEPLAY, MY NOBLE KNAVE OR I'LL POP LEAD PELLETS INTO YOUR GIZZARD!

RAT!

DON'T TRY THAT AGAIN!

I'M GIVING YOU AND YOUR BEGGER MOB ONE HOUR TO HOP OUT OF TOWN, OTHERWISE, YOU'LL HAVE TO BUY 'EM BULLETPROOF VESTS!



GOTCHA-- YA SNOOPIN' RAT! STUCK YUH NECK OUT FOR THE LAST TIME!

WOULDN'T BET ON IT, WOULD YOU?



YOU CAN'T PLAY BLIND MAN'S BLUFF WHEN YOUR SHOES SQUEAK, CHUM! TAKE A BITE OF KNUCKLE PIE!



YOU'RE HANGING AROUND THE WRONG JOINTS, KING' MY SHOULDERS ARE DOUBLE-Jointed!

HEY! WHAT YOU DOIN'?



YOU CAN'T GET AWAY WITH THAT, DWARF! I'LL SLASH YOU TO RIBBONS OF RAW MEAT!

OKAY--IF YOU CAN DO IT WITHIN THE NEXT HOUR. AFTER THAT, YOU'LL LOOK LIKE HAMBURGER!



HE'S FLAGGING A FOOTPAD UP AHEAD. WELL, BROTHER-- YOU'D BETTER WATCH OUT!



WHAT'S THE GAFF, GOON? YOU ONE OF THE BEGGER KING'S BOYS? HOW DOES HE PAY OFF? GIVE-- OR I'LL TWEET-TWEET FOR A GENDARME!



HE PAYS OKAY MORE THAN A FENCE. SCRAM, SISTER. HERE COMES A NOSEY COP!

Meanwhile, Arsenic works Cafe Society's main drag--

HERE YOU ARE, MY POOR MAN! BUY YOURSELF A SEVEN COURSE STEAK DINNER!

TANKS, MA'AM!

CRIES! WILL YA LOOK AT DA ROCKS ON HER WRISTS! I'LL GIVE LOU THE SIGNAL!



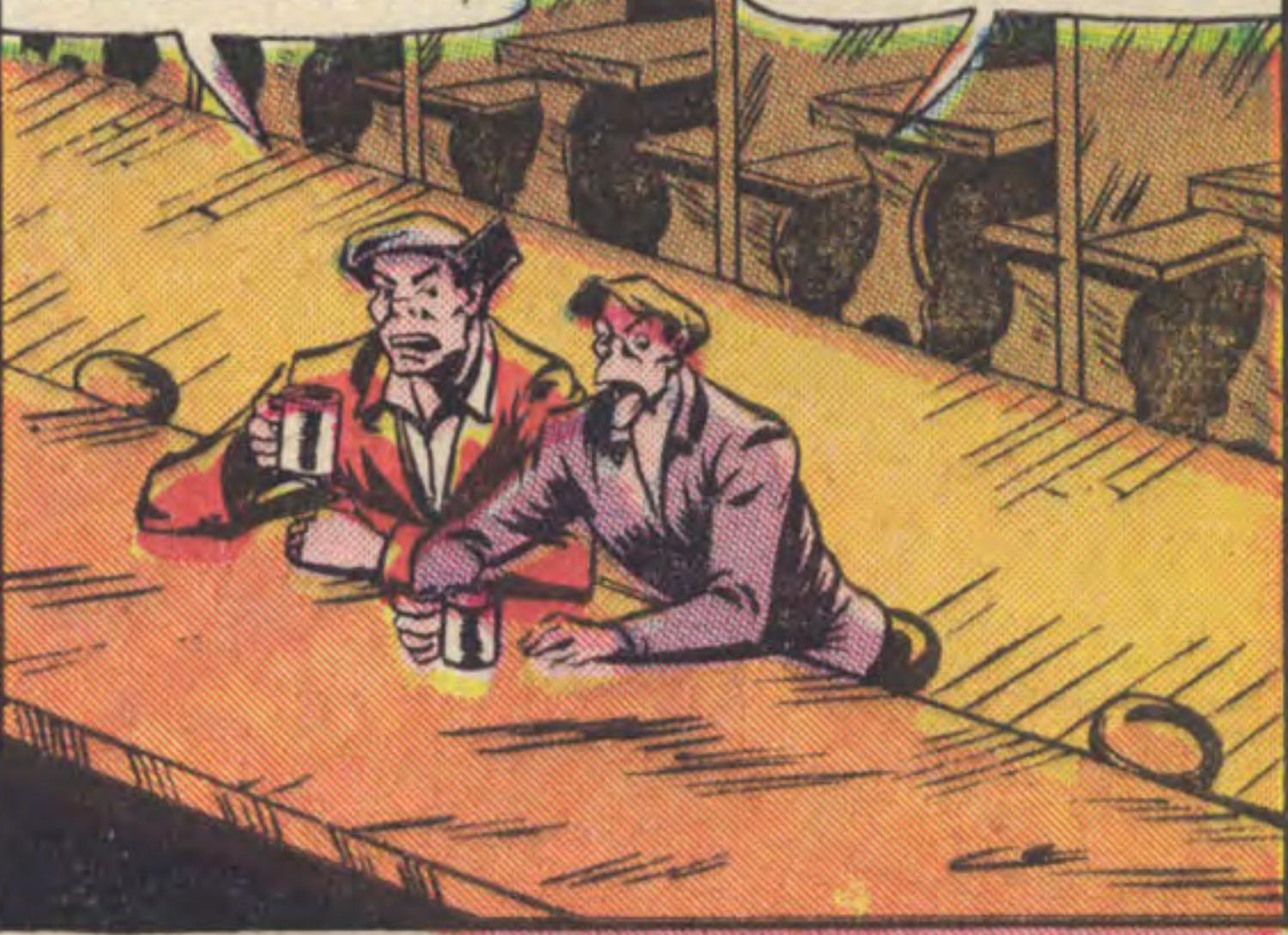
NO DICE, DRIP! LITTLE ARSENIC MAKES A SPECIALTY OF LEAD POISONING!



As the fateful hour rushes toward Black Dwarf's deadline for the Beggar King --

PSST, FLY! YOU SEE WHAT I SEE? REAR BOOTH?

YEAH--HIS HOBO HIGHNESS, I'LL SLIP OUT AND BUZZ THE BOSS,



ANY CALLS FOR ME, LIPPY?

YEAH. FLY PHONED FI' MINS AGO. YOU FLOAT IN REAR OF GROGAN'S HASH HOUSE ON THE BOWERY, HE SAYS.



YOU GOT ENOUGH BLIND MEN, HUH? WHAT I HAFTA DO-- CUT OFF A LEG TO JOIN YOUR MOB?

BLOW, BUD! I'M BUSY! HEY-- YOU GOT THE RIGHT TIME?



I WASN'T PULLING YOUR LEG KING, WHEN I TOLD YOU TO LEAVE TOWN WITHIN AN HOUR! HEAR THOSE SIRENS?



Speeding downtown, Black Dwarf closes in on his prey—

HEY! WHAT SA DA IDEA! YOU CAN'T-A--!

SHH, LUIGI'



THE TIME, SIRE? WHY, THIS IS THE HOUR FOR YOUR DDT SHOWER!

YOU! I'LL SHOWER YOU WITH PAVING BLOCKS!



NEAT PILE OF SWAG YOUR SAPPERS SNATCHED TONIGHT! RUN ABOUT FIFTY THOUSAND, WON'T IT?

SHOOT-- BUT I'M COMING AT YUH JUST THE SAME!



Half an hour later...

SO! THIS IS WHERE YOU HANG OUT! I'VE BEEN TEARING ALL OVER TOWN TO GIVE YOU THE LOWDOWN ON KING!

WE'VE PUT HIM OFF OUR LIST, ARSENIC! HEY, LUIGI! BRING THE LADY PIE A LA MODE AND COFFEE!



THE

# Gay DESPERADO

Hunted by the law for the crimes of another, Jim Collins became a fugitive, hidden behind the identity of The Gay Desperado. And in a desperate attempt to tear the blindfold from the eyes of justice, The Gay Desperado found a two-gun ghost, who killed for HAUNTED LAND!



PATSY!  
WAKE  
UP!

HUH?  
WHAT'S  
COOKIN',  
JIM?

THAT'S  
WHAT WE  
AIM TO  
FIND OUT,  
KID!

MAYBE THE  
LAW'S AFTER  
YOU AGAIN,  
JIM! YOU  
OR YOUR  
OTHER SELF,  
**THE GAY  
DESPERADO!**

HELP!

A WOUNDED  
MAN ON  
THE GROUND,  
PATSY!



BEN MORTON,  
BAR-X OWNER.  
BEEN AMBUSHED!

HOW COME YOU'RE  
CHASING LEAD  
THIS TIME OF  
NIGHT, MORTON?

GHOST RIDERS HAUNT  
MY LAND! TONIGHT I  
ALMOST GOT 'EM--  
RUSTLIN' MY CATTLE,  
BUT THE COYOTES FED  
ME BULLETS OUT OF  
THAT THAR BRUSH!

YOU GOT  
ENEMIES,  
MORTON?

NARY A ONE,  
I KNOW OF,  
ONLY THESE  
NIGHT  
RAIDERS--  
THESE  
GHOSTS!

HELP MORTON  
UP, PATSY.  
WHILE I  
LOOK  
AROUND!

OKAY!  
COME ON,  
MR. MORTON,  
EASY NOW!

At the rustlers'  
abandoned campfire...

HUH! AN ACE OF  
SPADES FROM A  
MARKED DECK!  
RECKON I'D LIKE  
TO MEET THE  
OWNER  
OF THIS!

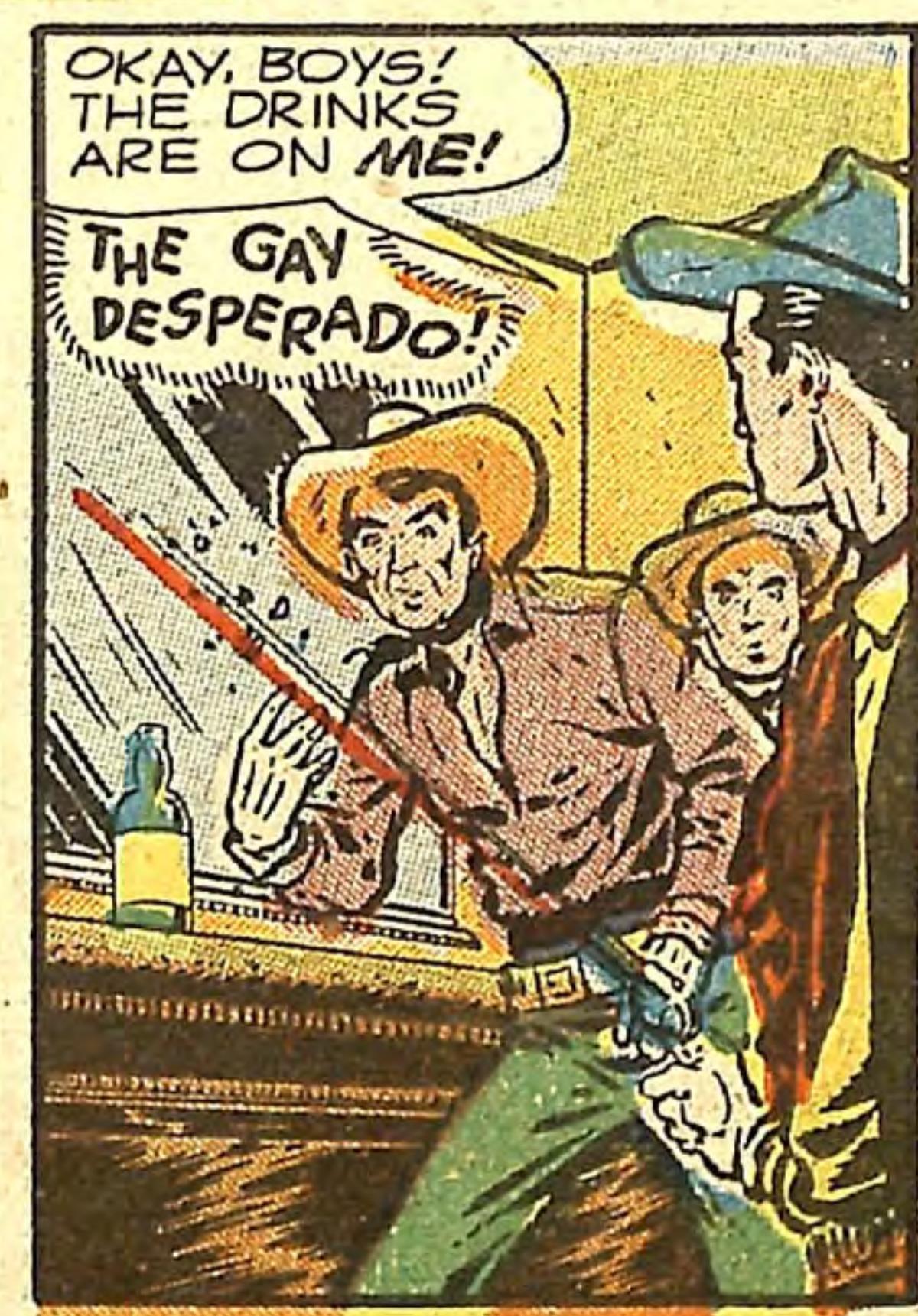
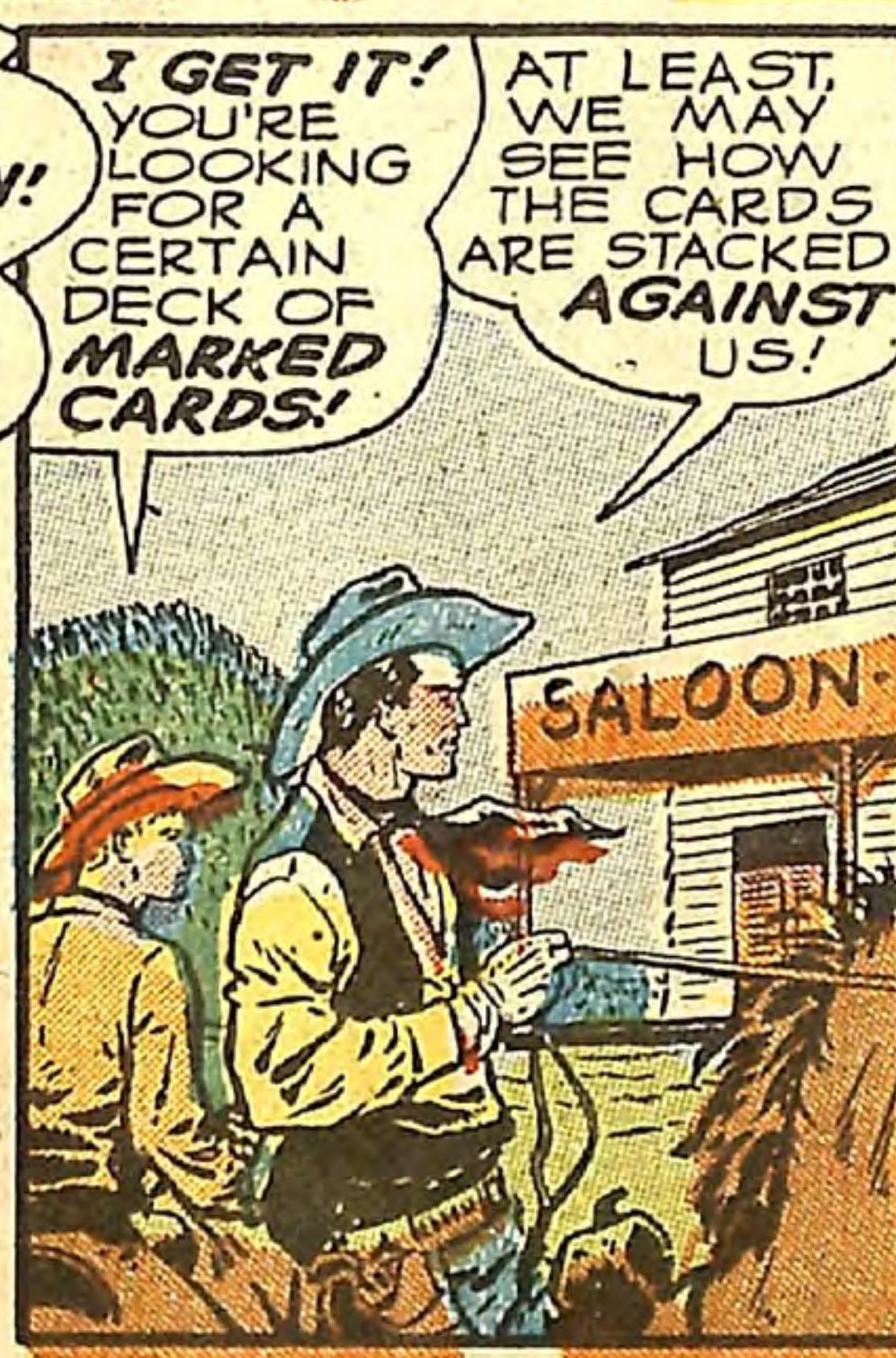
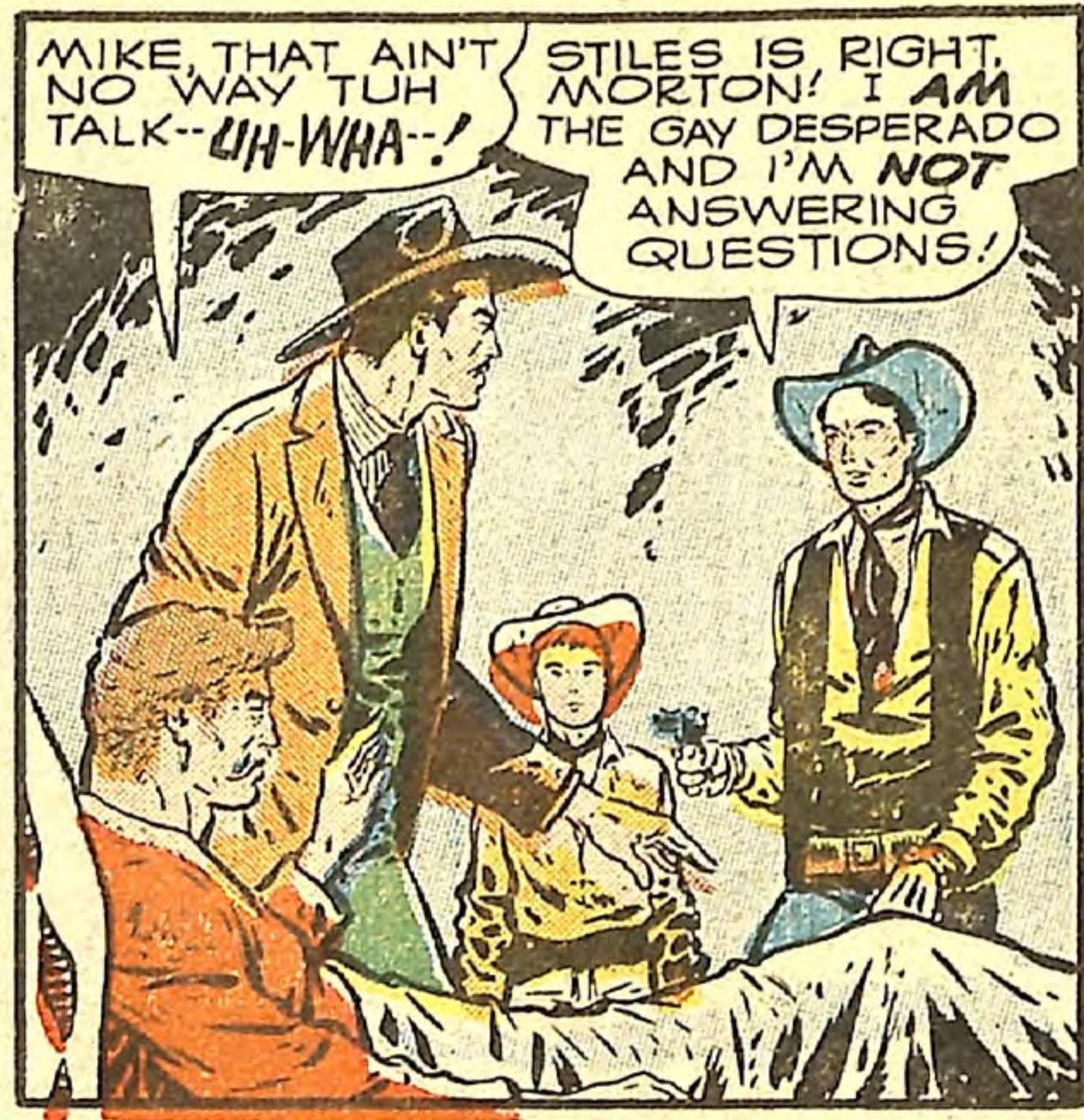
An hour later, at the Bar-X Ranch...

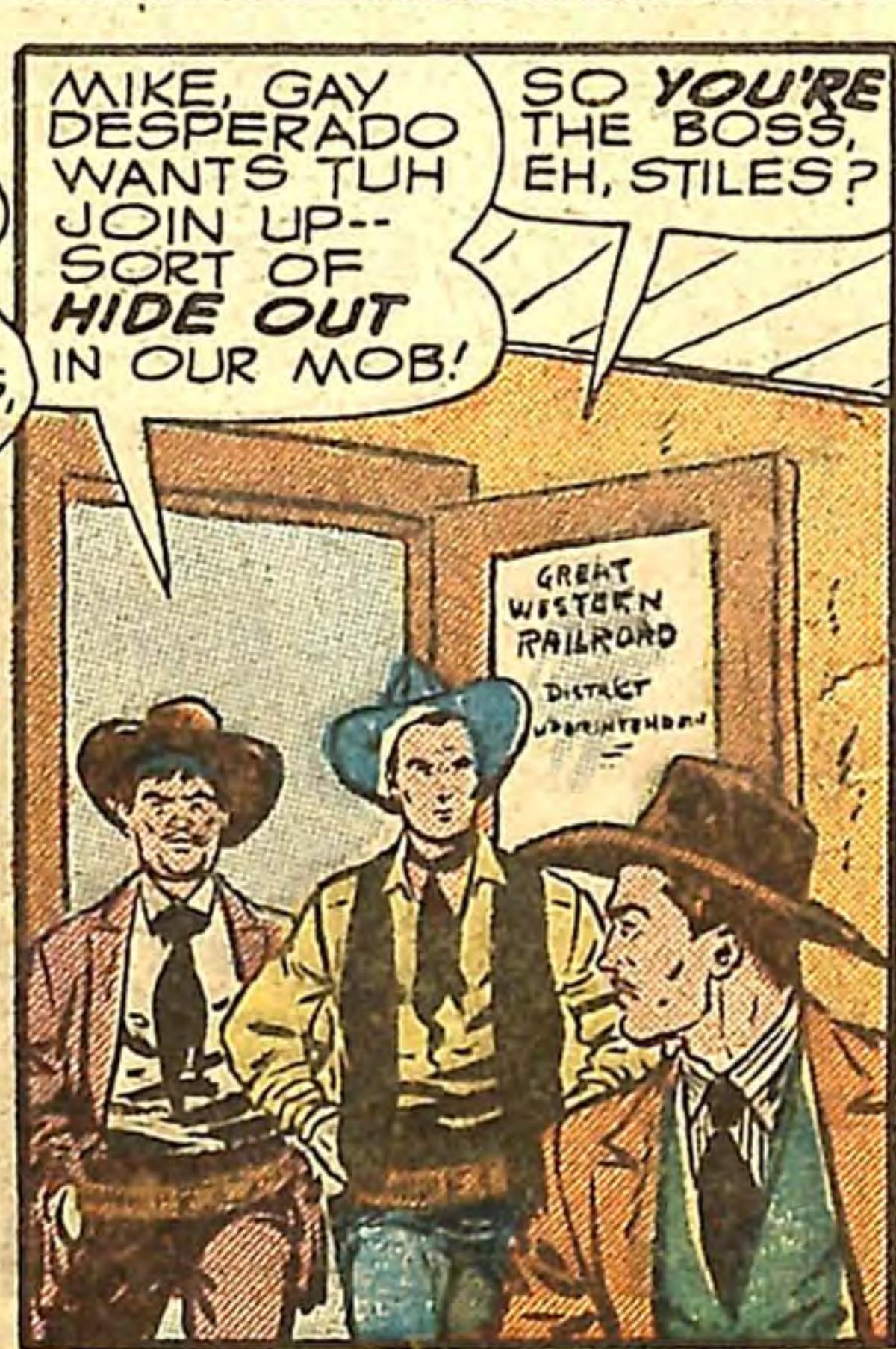
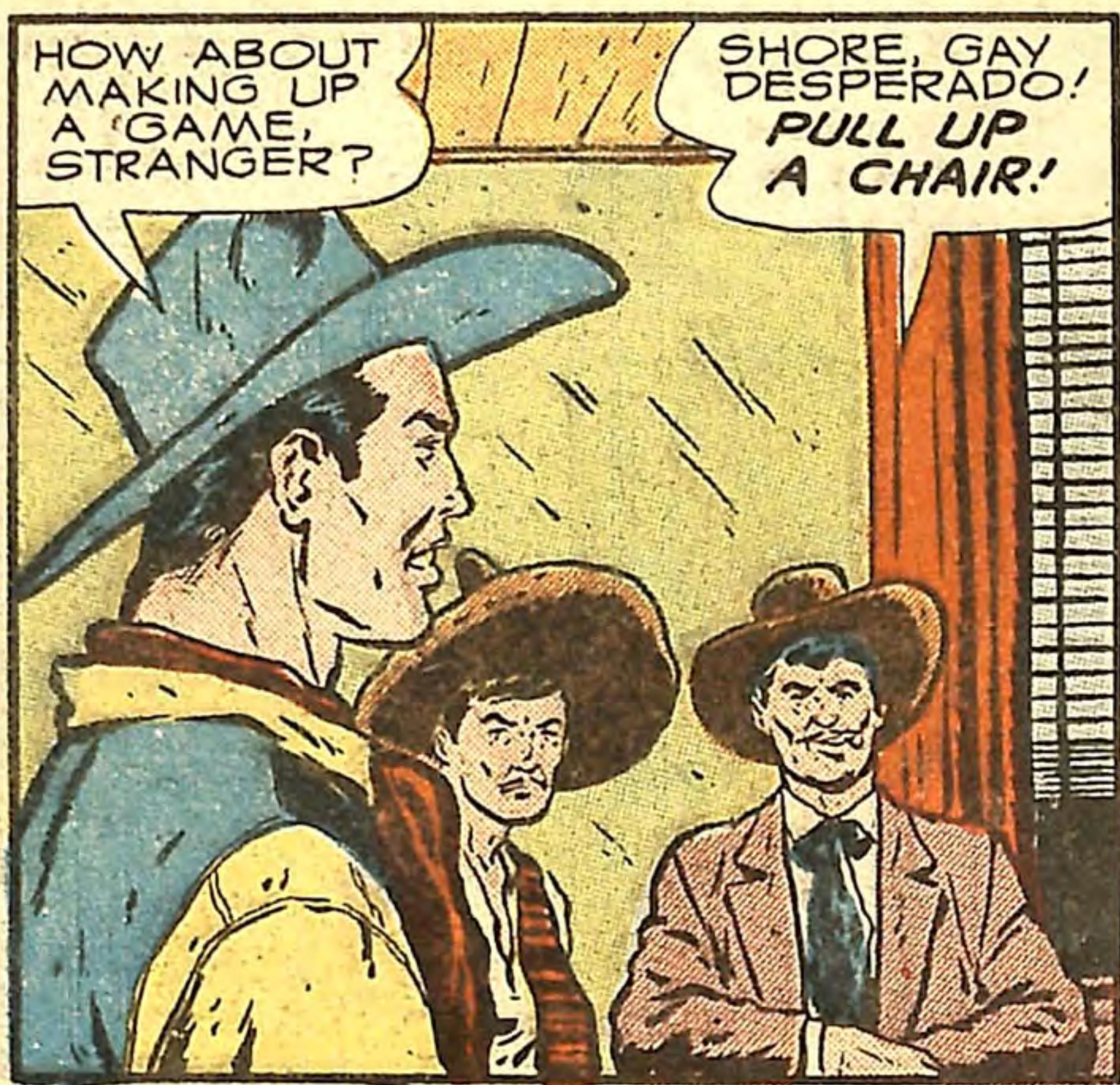
OH, DAD! WHY DID  
YOU GO OUT  
ALONE LIKE  
THAT?

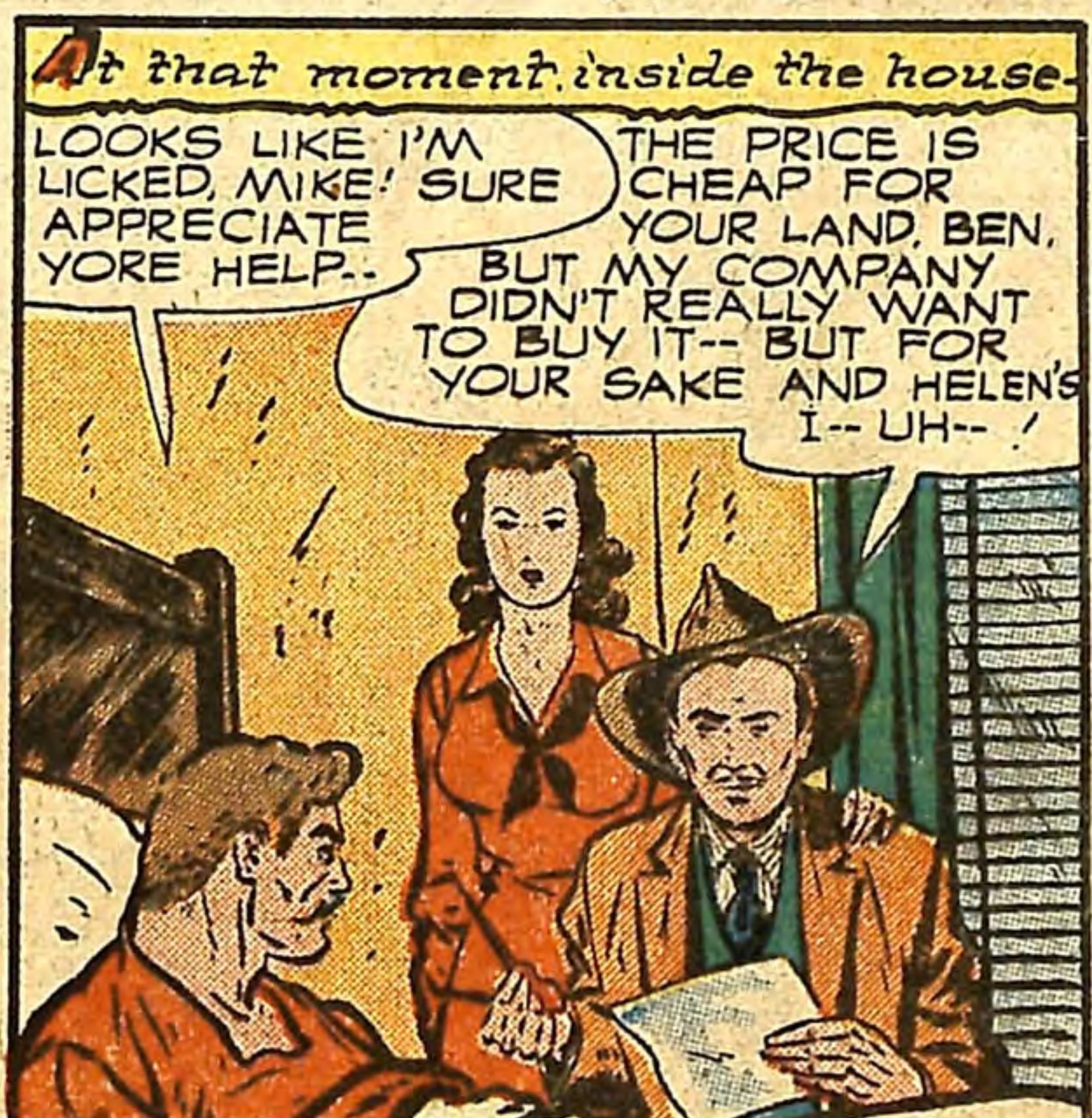
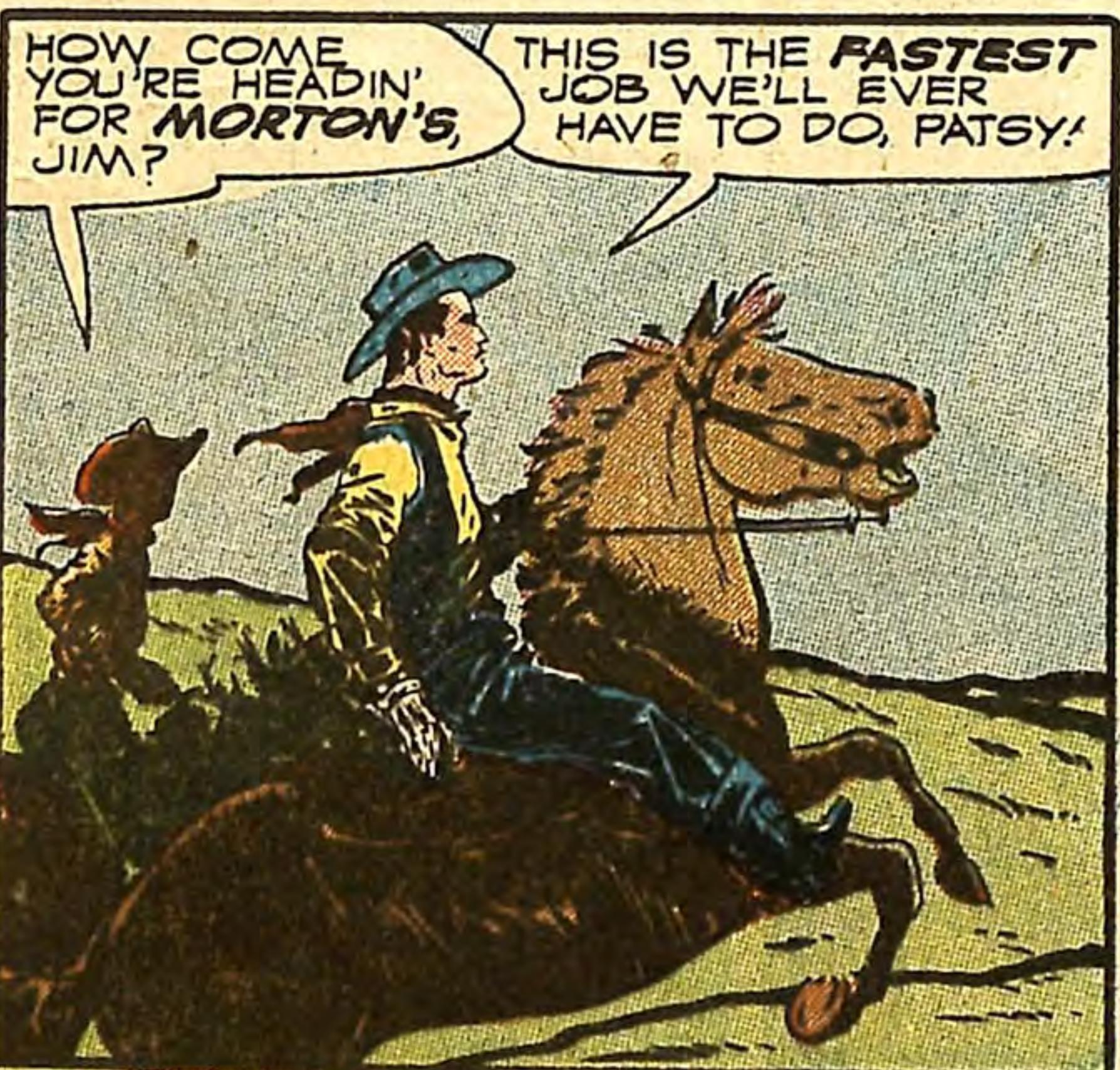
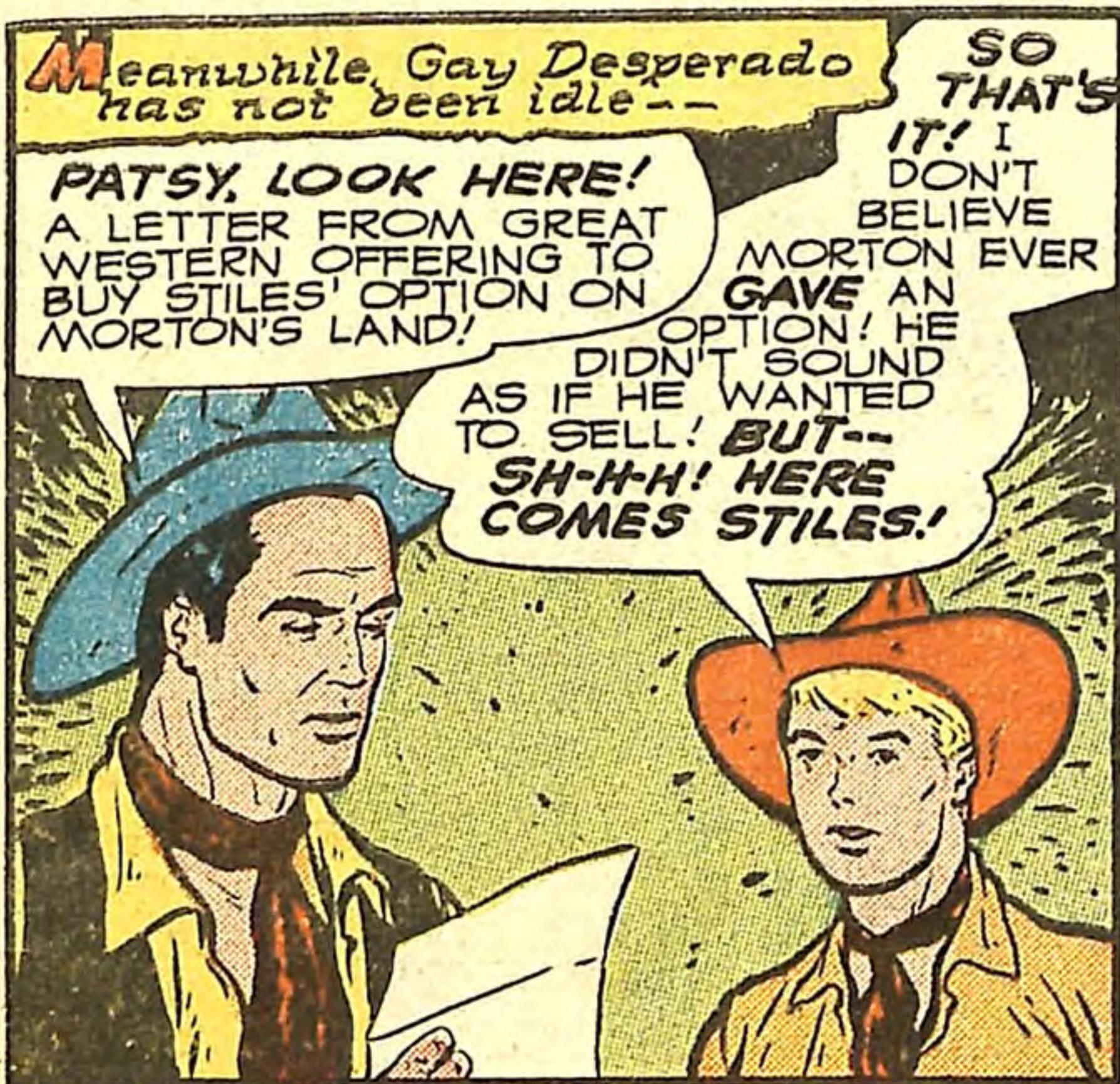
IF I EVER LAY  
HANDS ON THEM  
RATS, THEY'RE  
BRINGIN' US TO  
RUIN, HELEN, GAL!

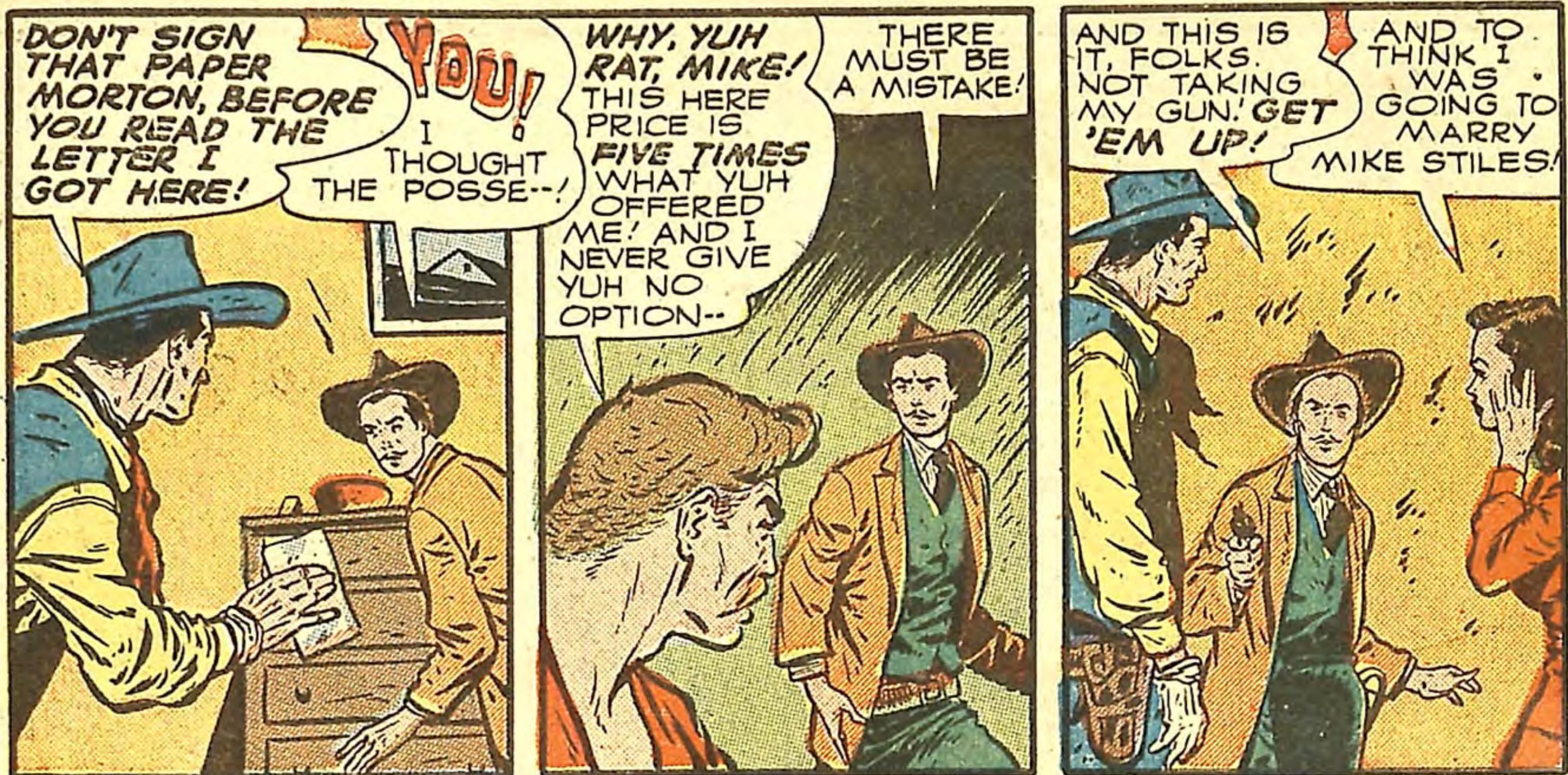
DON'T RISK YOUR  
LIFE, BEN! YOU  
KNOW I'LL ALWAYS  
LOAN YOU WHATEVER  
YOU NEED!

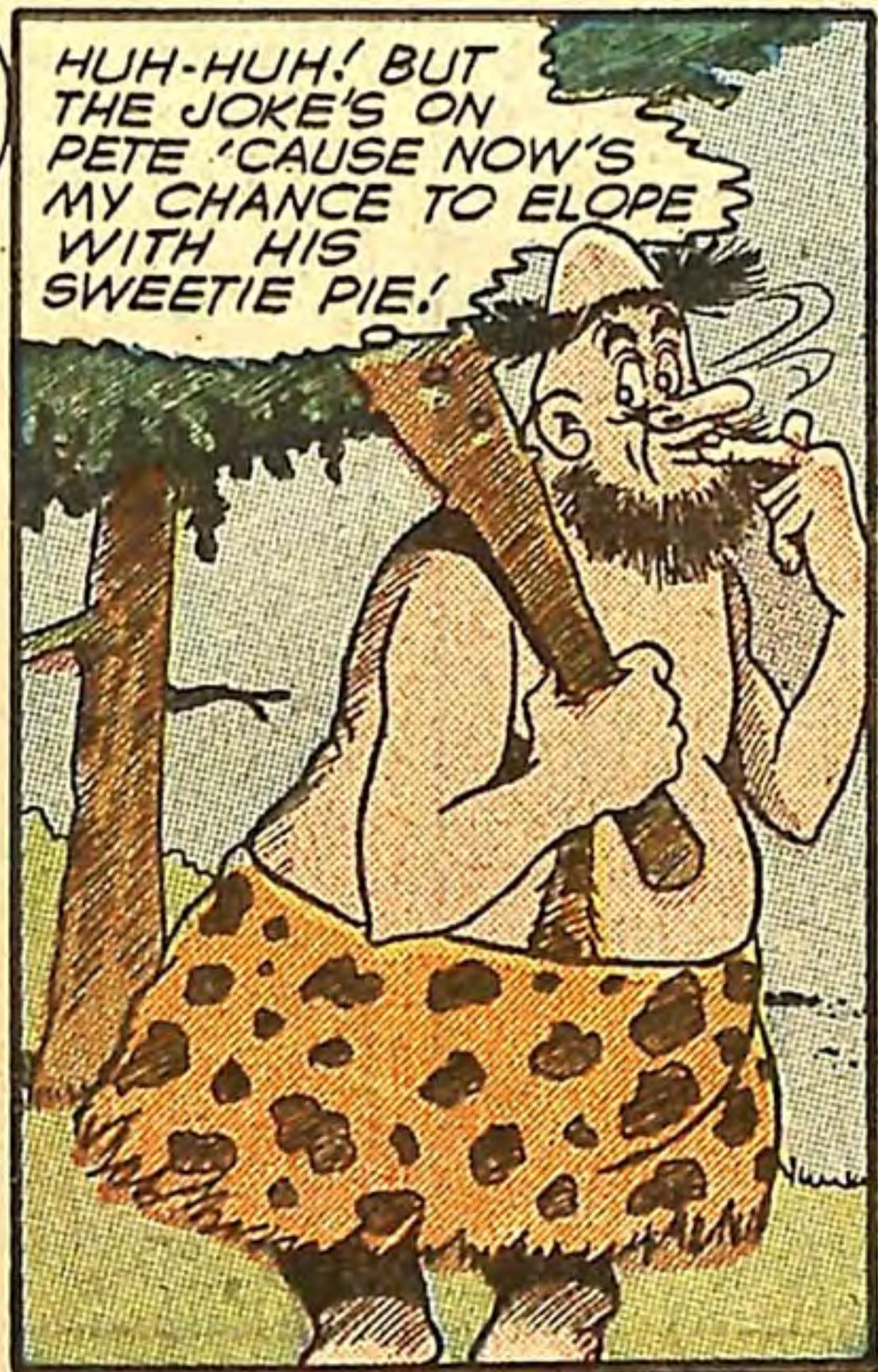
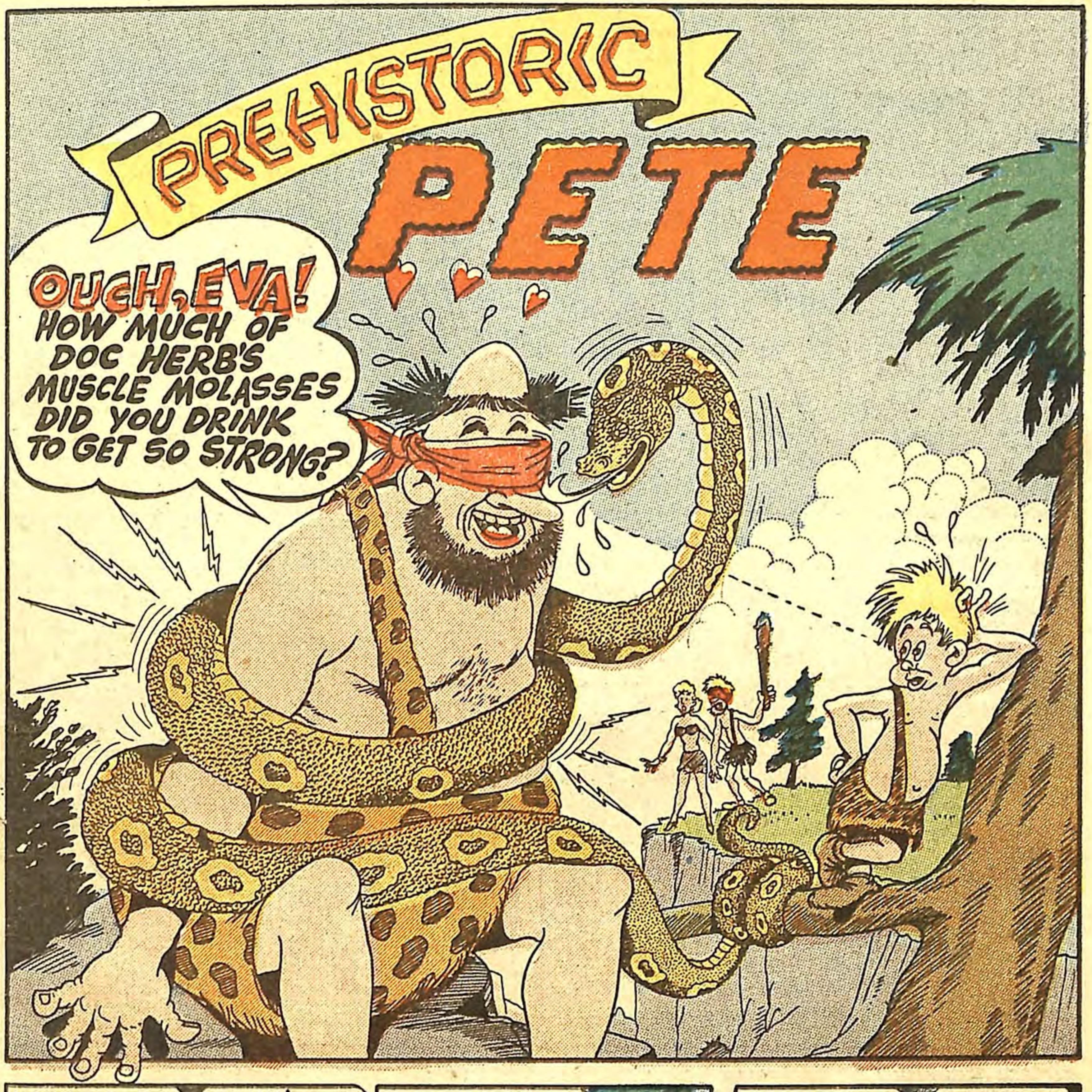
IT'S GOOD OF  
YUH, MIKE  
STILES, BUT  
THAT AIN'T  
BEN MORTON'S  
WAY!

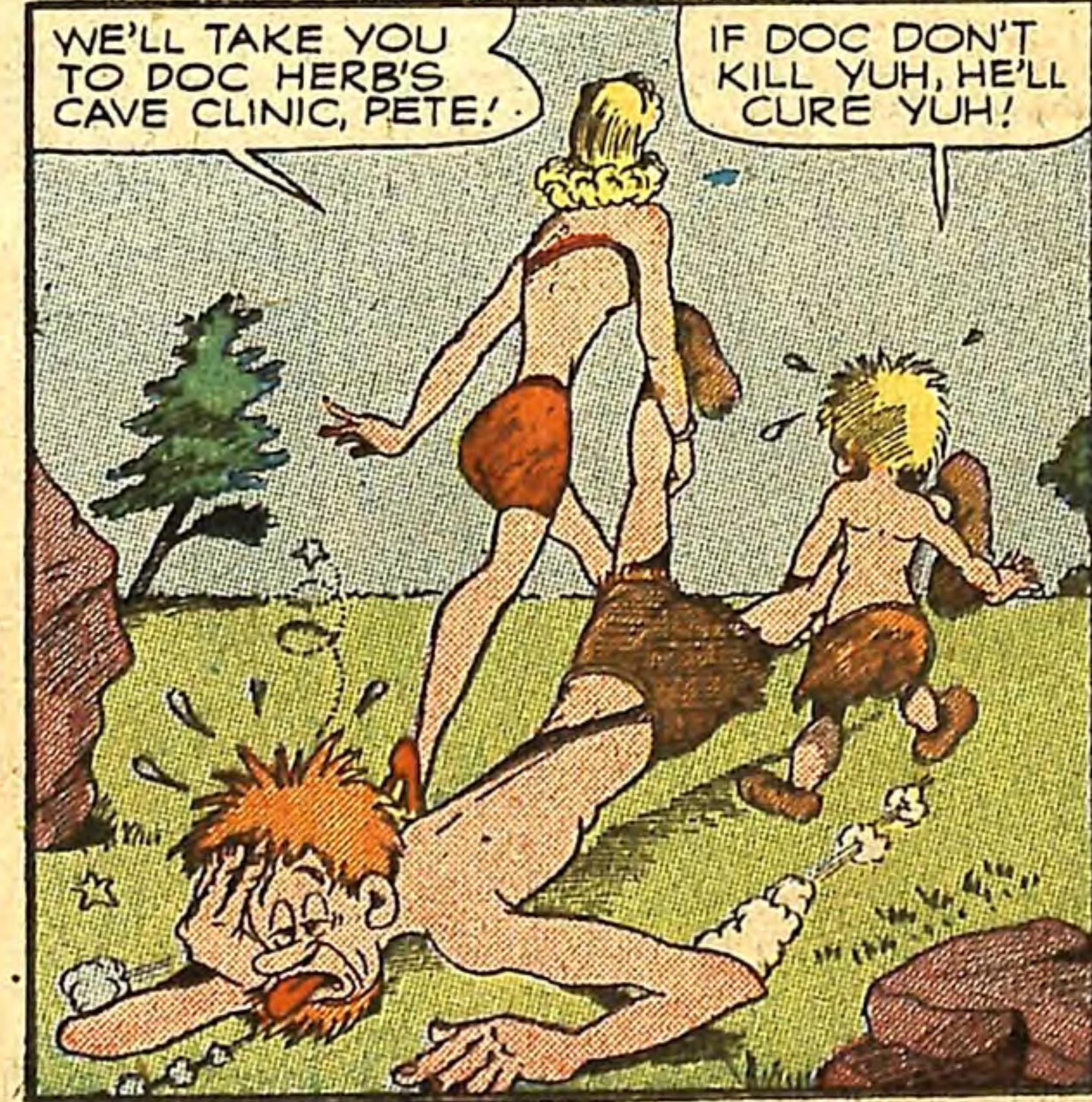
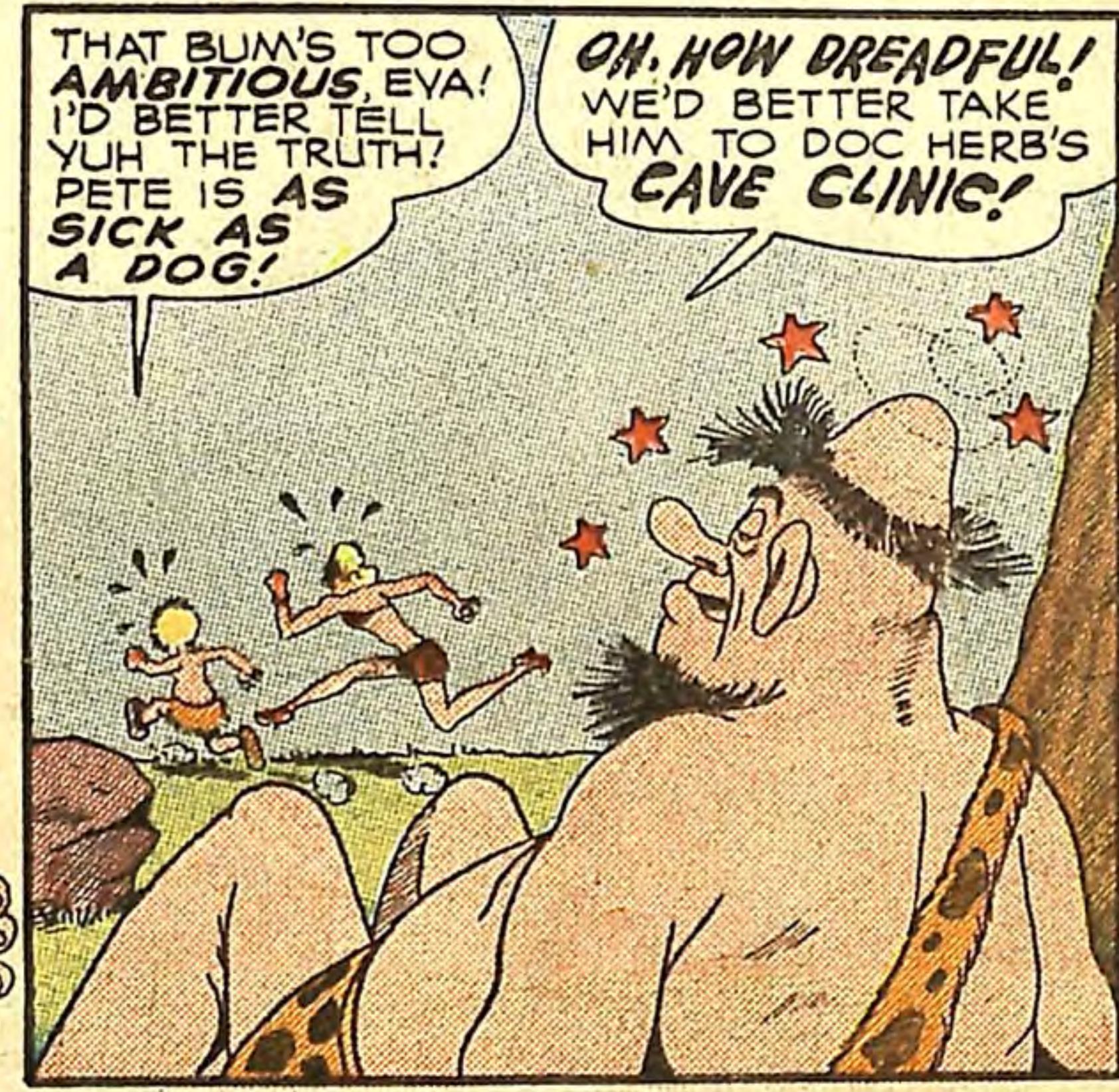


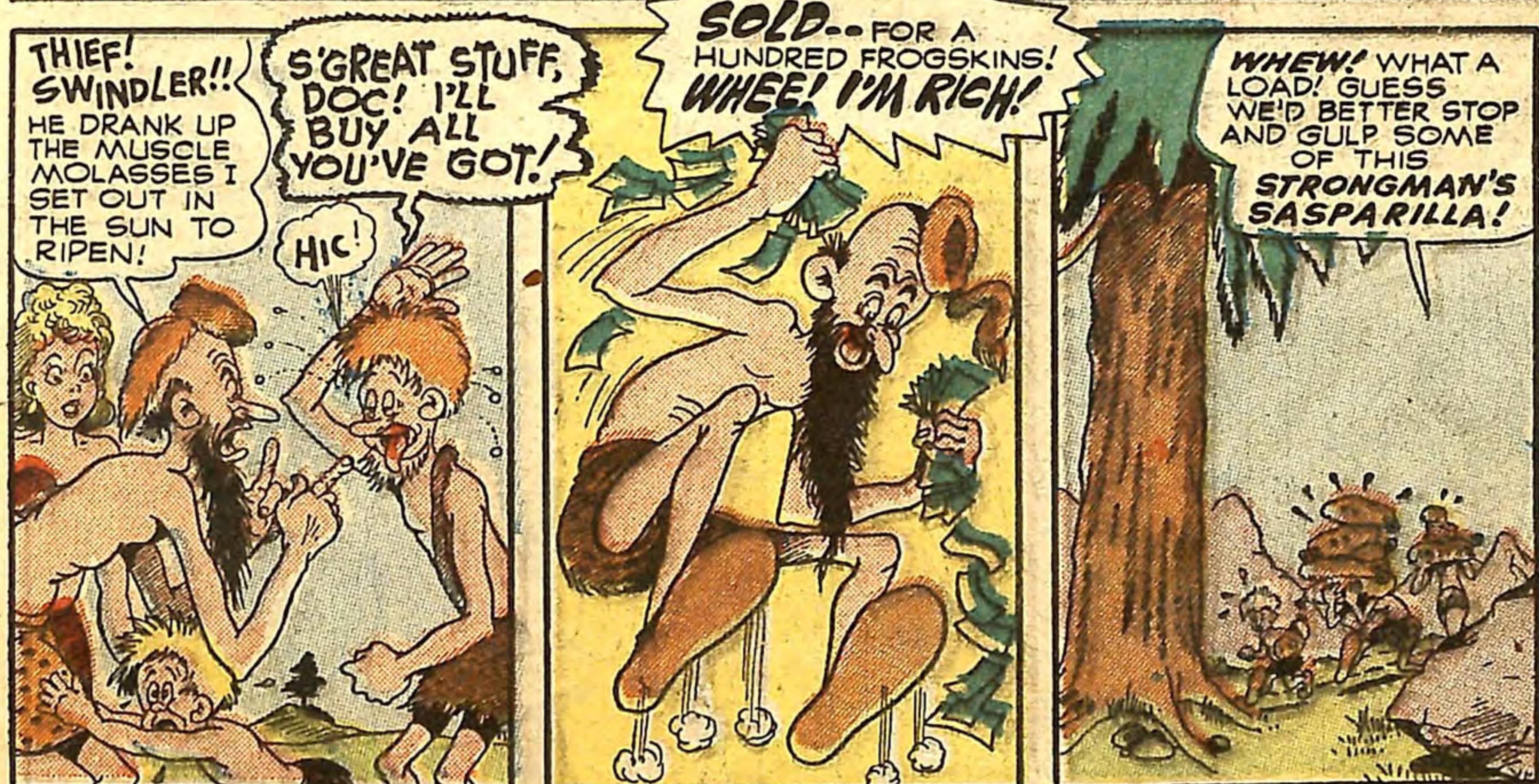
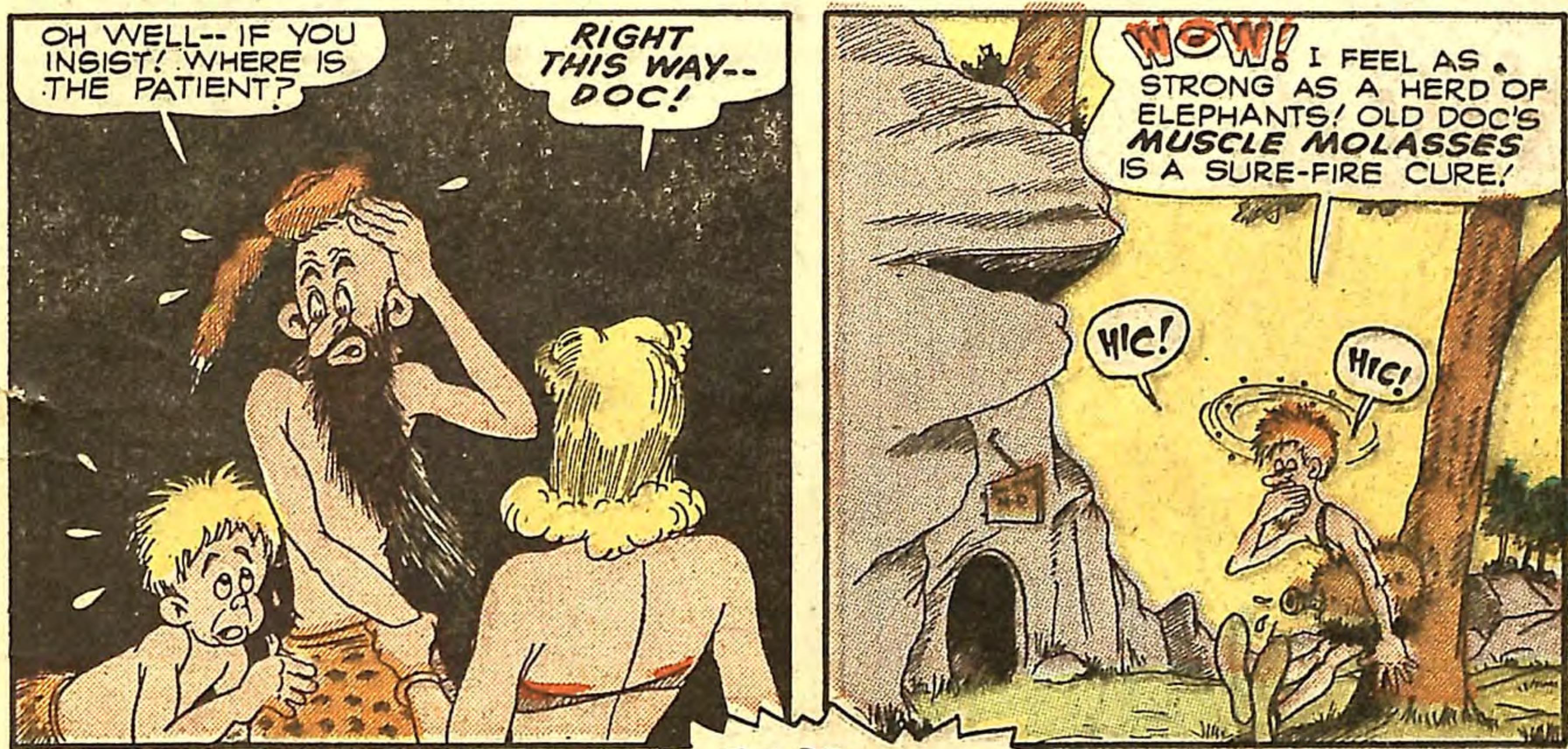
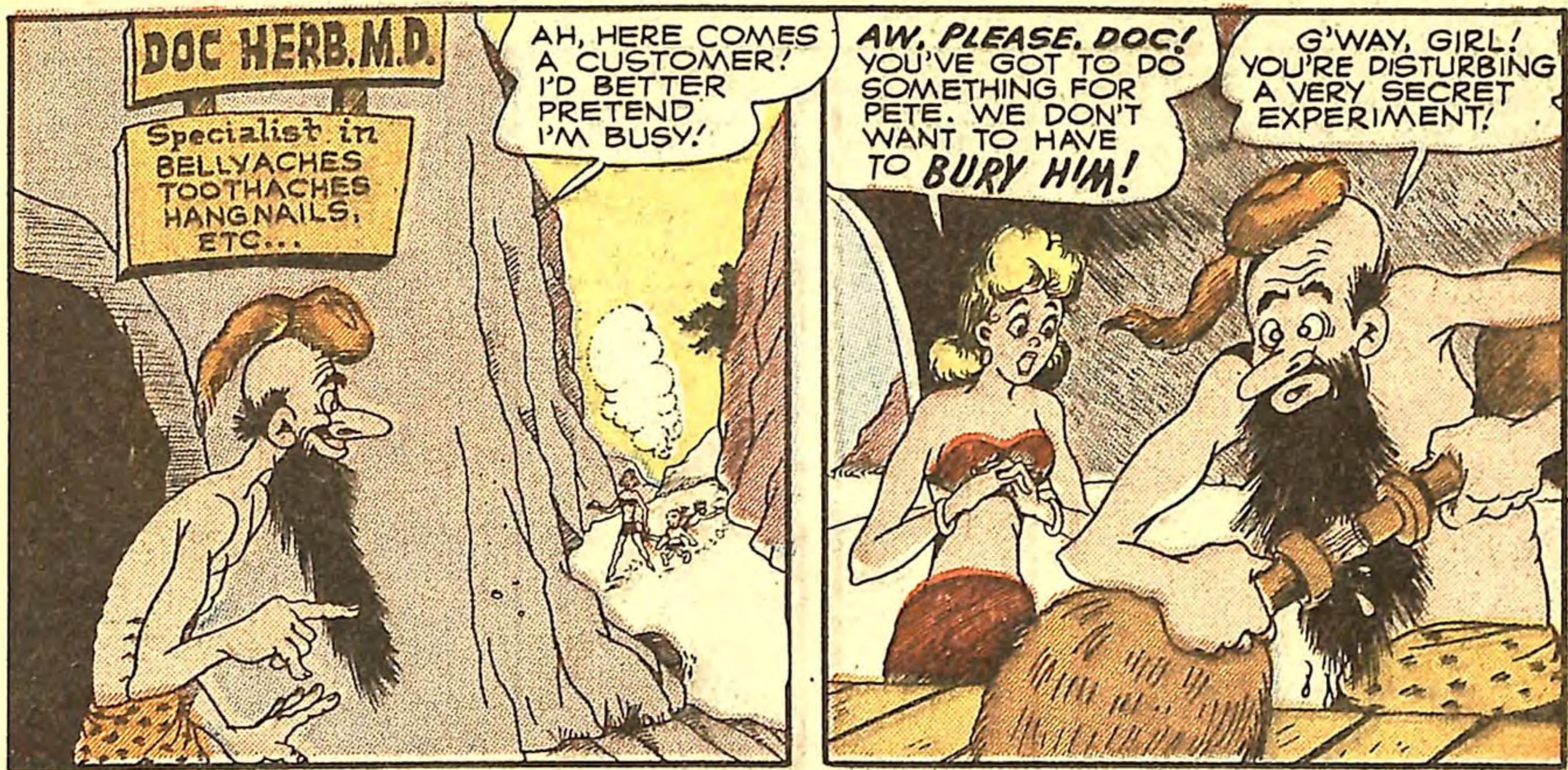


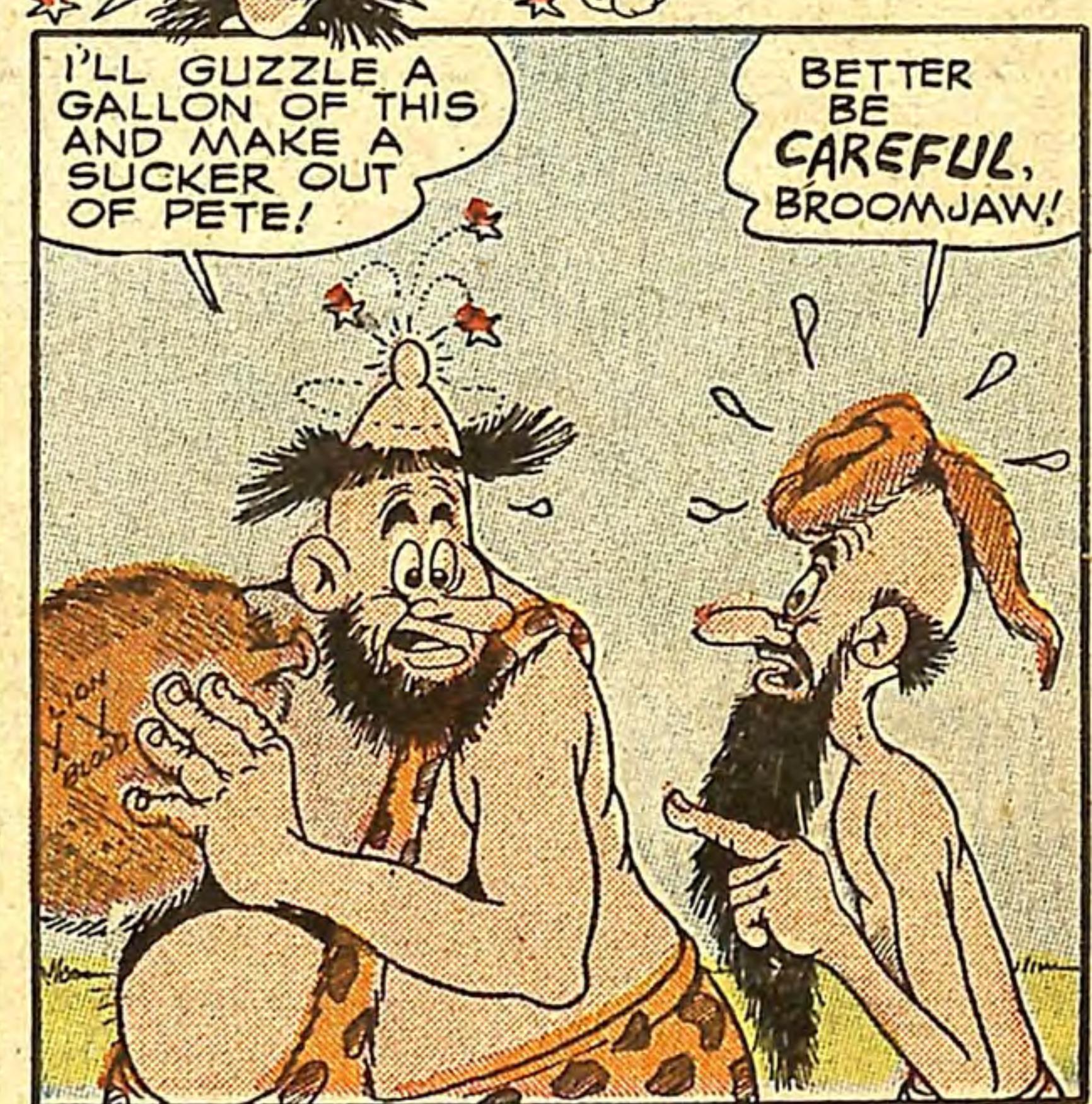
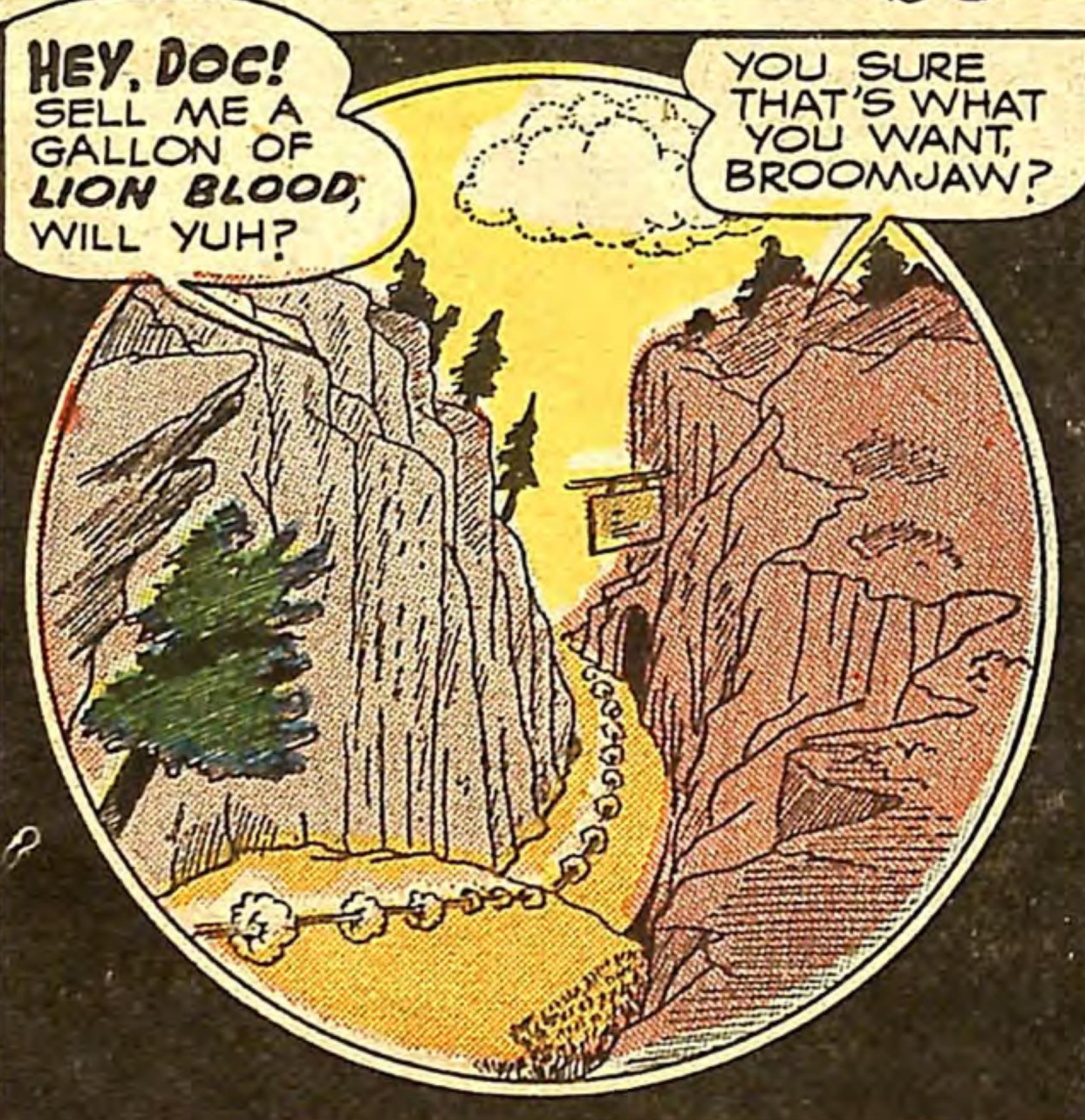
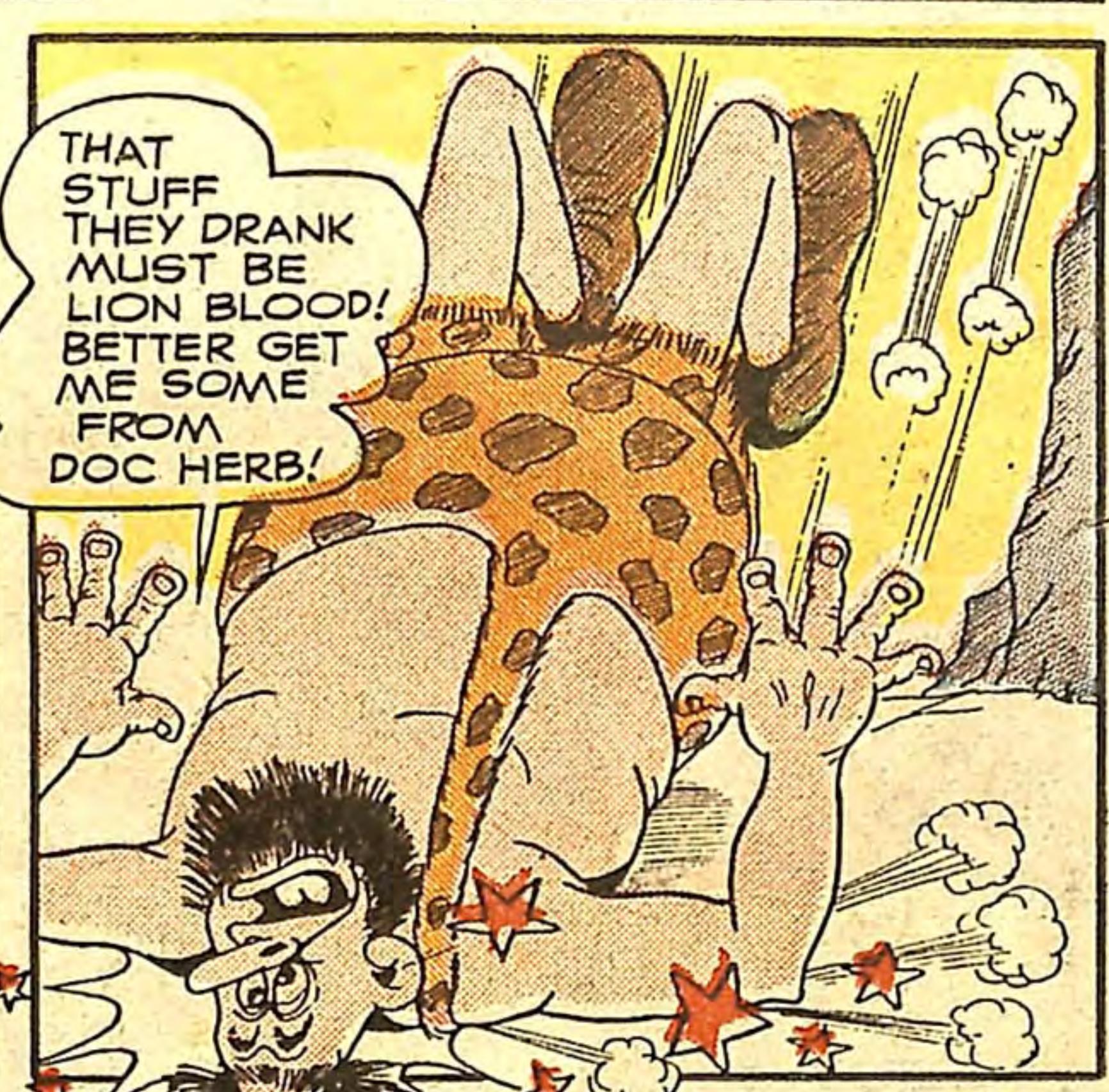


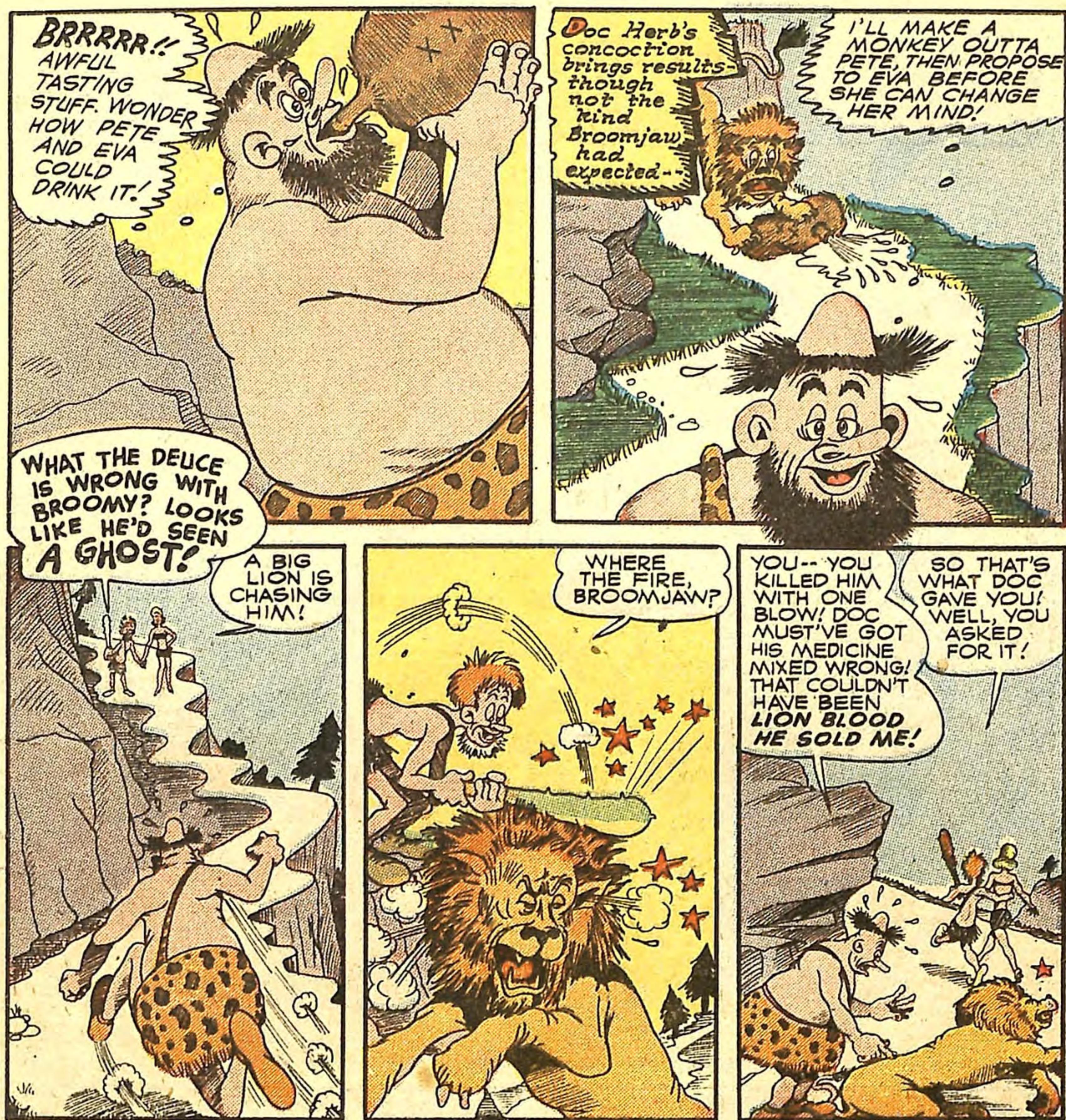












STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACTS OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AND MARCH 3, 1933 of RED SEAL Comics, published quarterly at St. Louis, Missouri, for June 1, 1946.

State of New York, County of New York, ss. Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and County aforesaid, personally appeared Harry A. Chesler, who, having been duly sworn, according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of Harry "A" Chesler, Jr. Publications, Inc., and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc. of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse side of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business manager are: Publisher, Harry A. Chesler, Jr., 50 Main Street, Succasunna, N. J.; Editor, Will Harr, 163 West 23rd Street, N. Y. C.; Business Manager, Harry A. Chesler, 163 West 23rd Street, N. Y. C.

2. That the owners are: Harry "A" Chesler, Jr. Publications, Inc., 50 Main Street, Succasunna, N. J.; Harry "A" Chesler, Jr., Succasunna, N. J.; Harry "A" Chesler, Succasunna, N. J.; Betty Chesler, Succasunna, N. J.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stocks and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stocks, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 15th day of May, 1946

(Signed) HARRY A. CHESLER,

Business Manager

JOSEPH BELL  
(My Commission Expires on March 30, 1947)

# CALLING ALL CARS



Death cast its long, silent shadow over a sleepy New England town as Mrs. Wegner, a widow, waved good-bye to the last of the summer boarders. Little did she realize she was waving good-bye forever, that death would soon claim her as its victim in the strange case of The Whispering Bride.

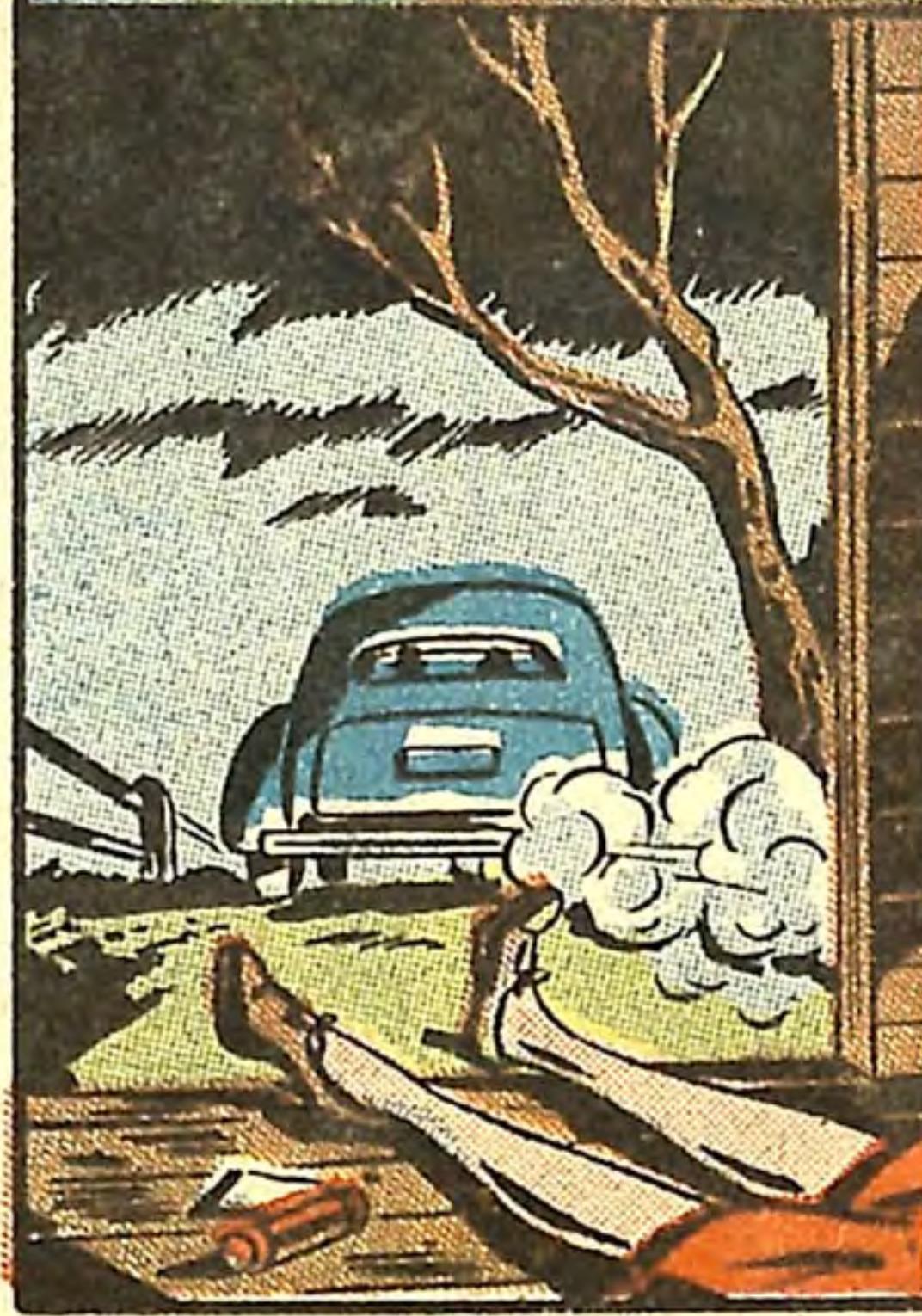




NOW TO TAKE HER CAR, CHANGE THE PLATES AND GET GOING!



Several minutes later--



Next morning--

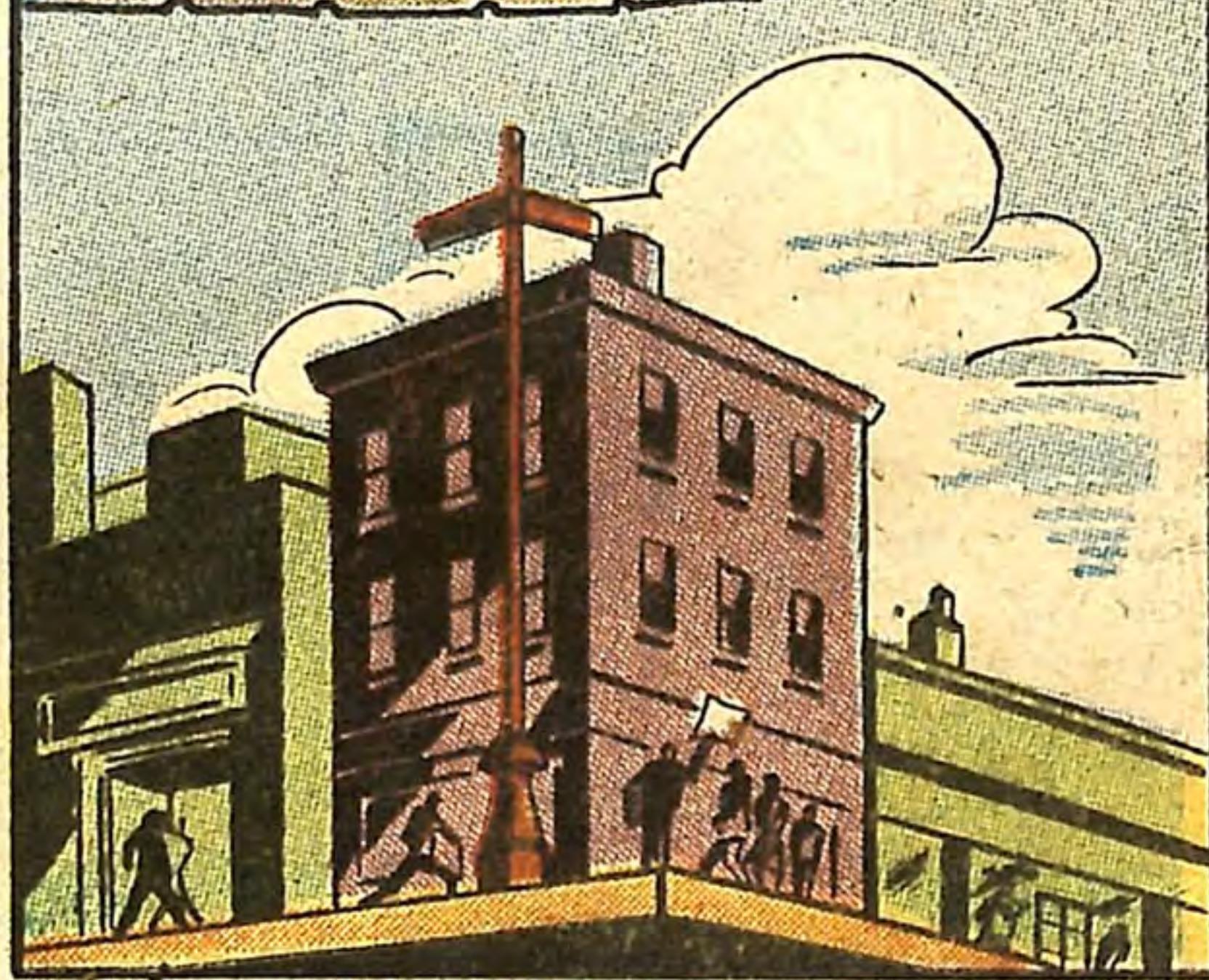
COME BACK HERE, SPOT! MRS. WEGNER SAID I SHOULD KEEP YOU OFF HER LAWN! --OH THERE SHE IS NOW! SHE'S BEEN HURT!



MRS. WEGNER--  
CAN I HELP YOU  
MRS. WEGNER?  
OHHH--DADDY--  
DADDY!



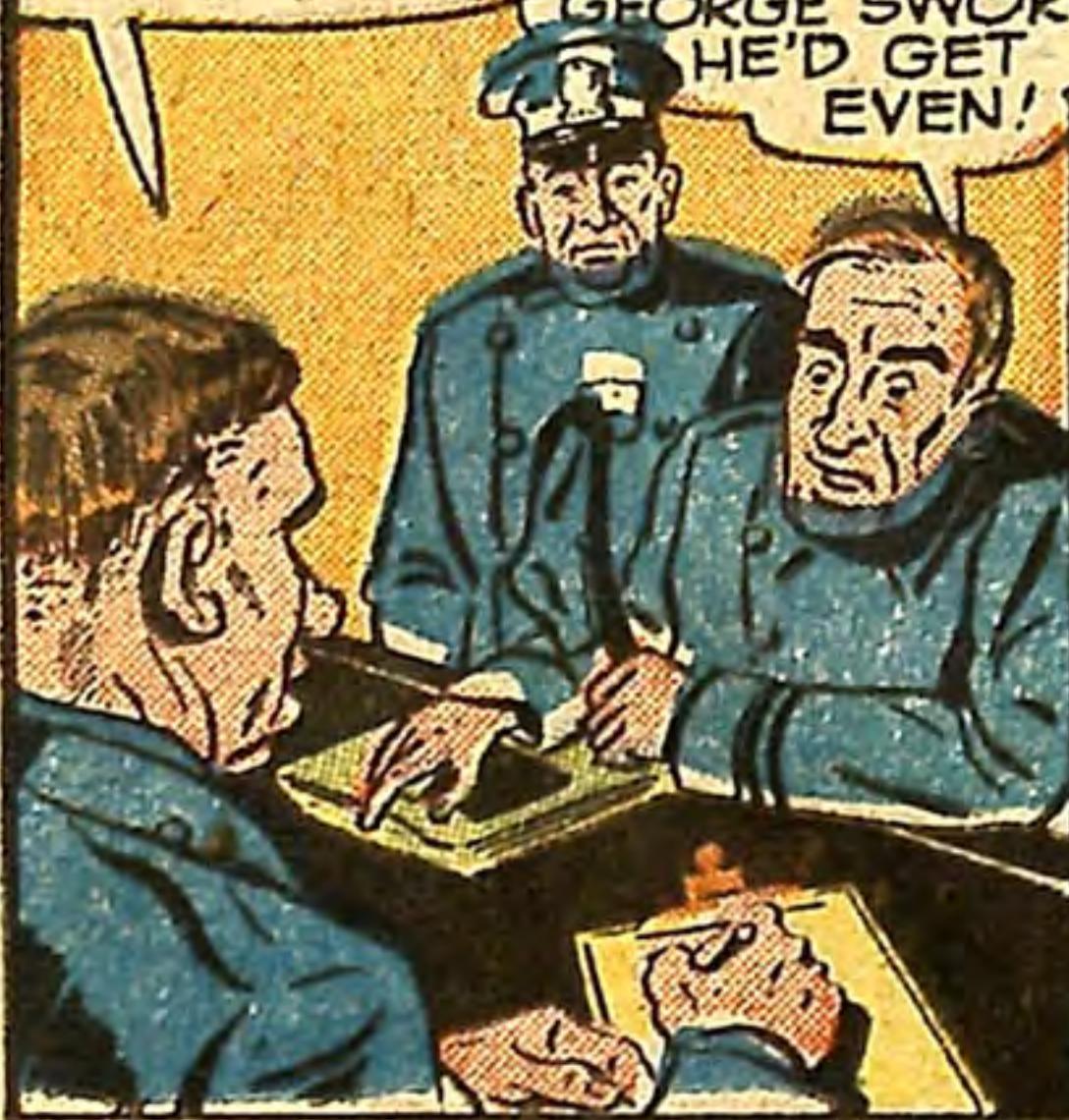
The wheels of justice turn slowly but headlines blazing with the gruesome details bring quick results for next morning--



The doorman at the inn calls on the police--

NOW THINK HARD! WE WANT A COMPLETE DESCRIPTION OF THE MAN!

SHE WAS WITH A MAN SHE CALLED GEORGE! THEY HAD A FIGHT AND GEORGE SWORE HE'D GET EVEN!



On the doorman's tip, detectives track down George Warner--

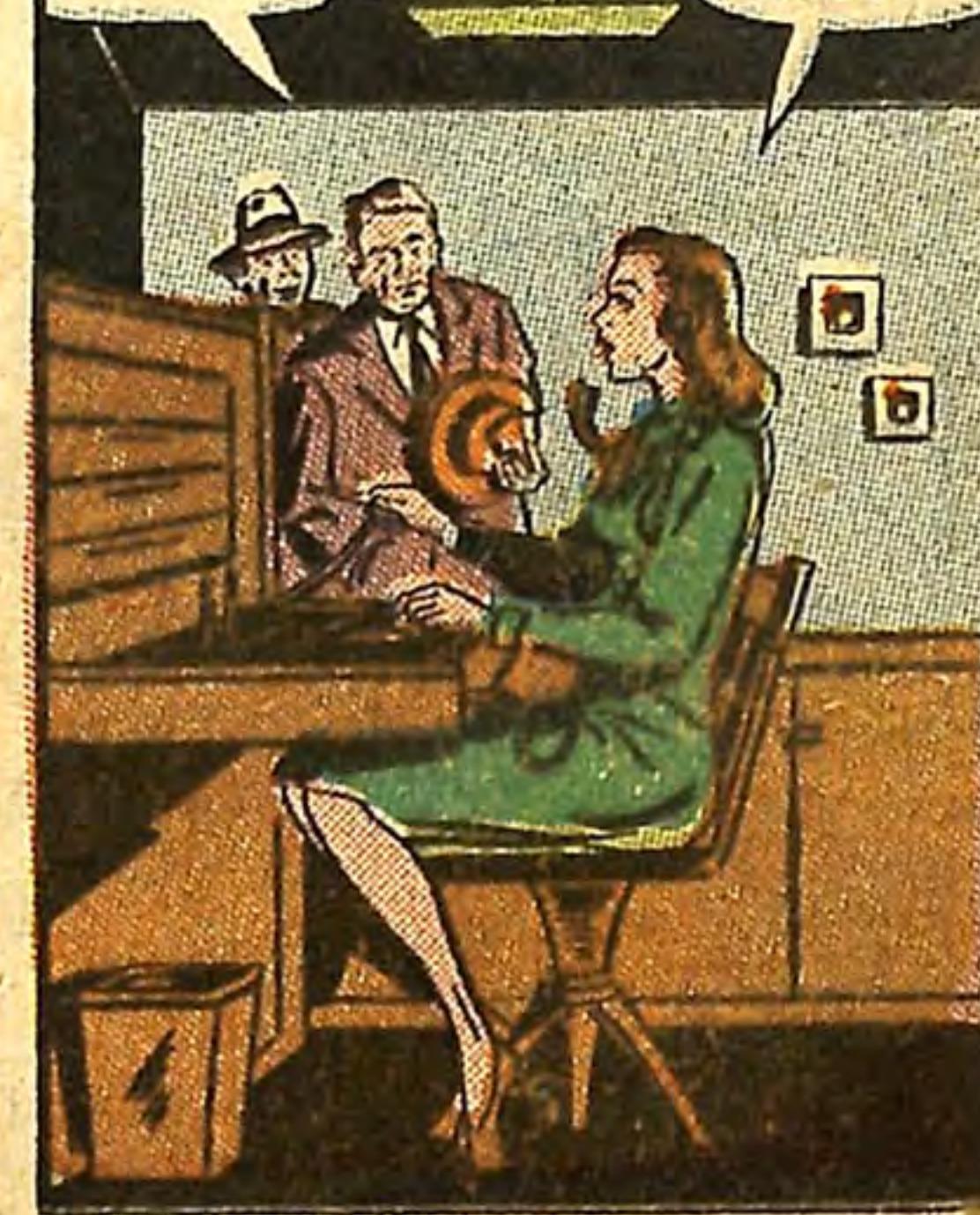
HERE'S WHERE HE WORKS!

YEAH. IF HE PUTS UP A FIGHT, WE CAN HANDLE HIM!



PLEASE TELL MR. GEORGE WARNER TO STEP OUT HERE!

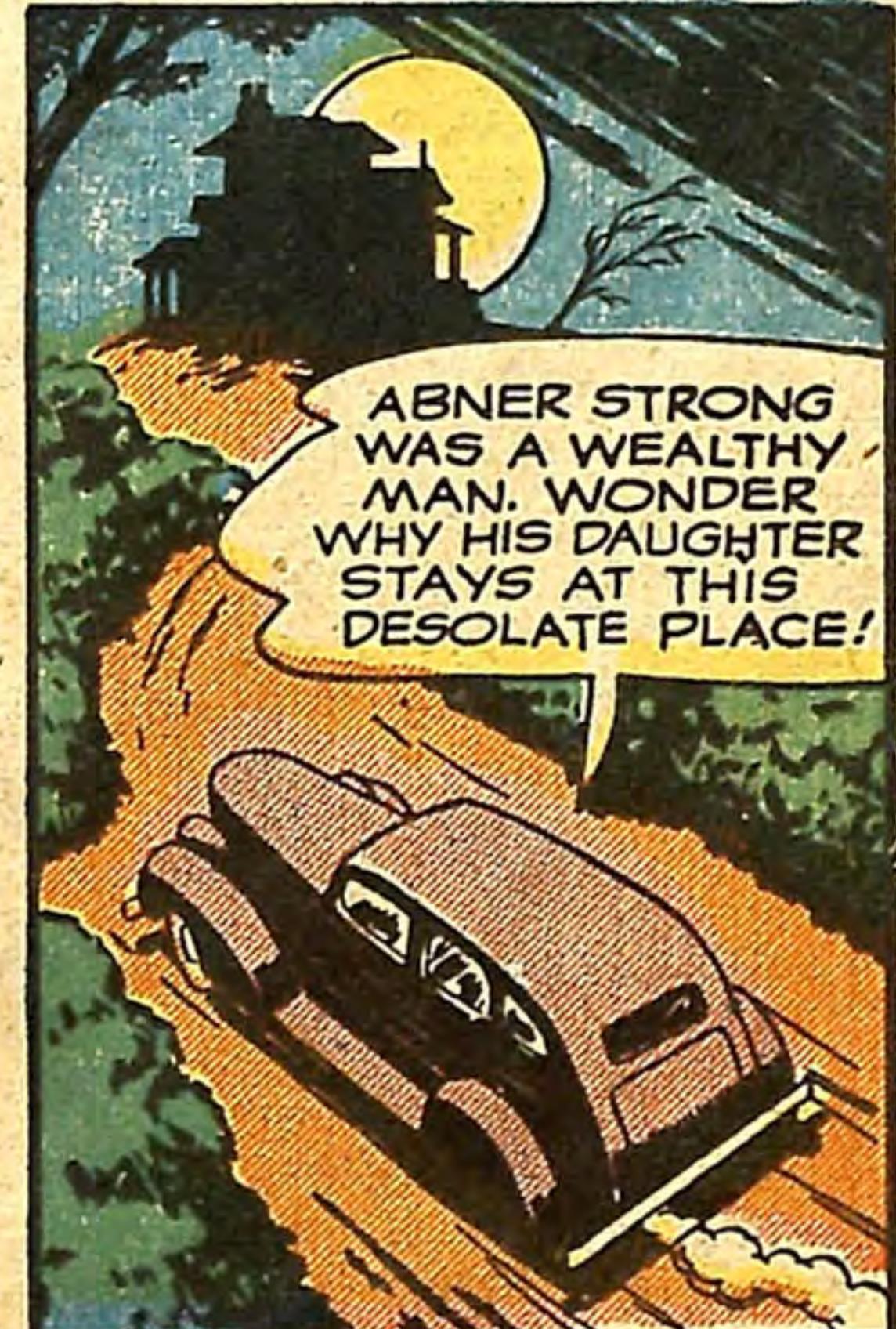
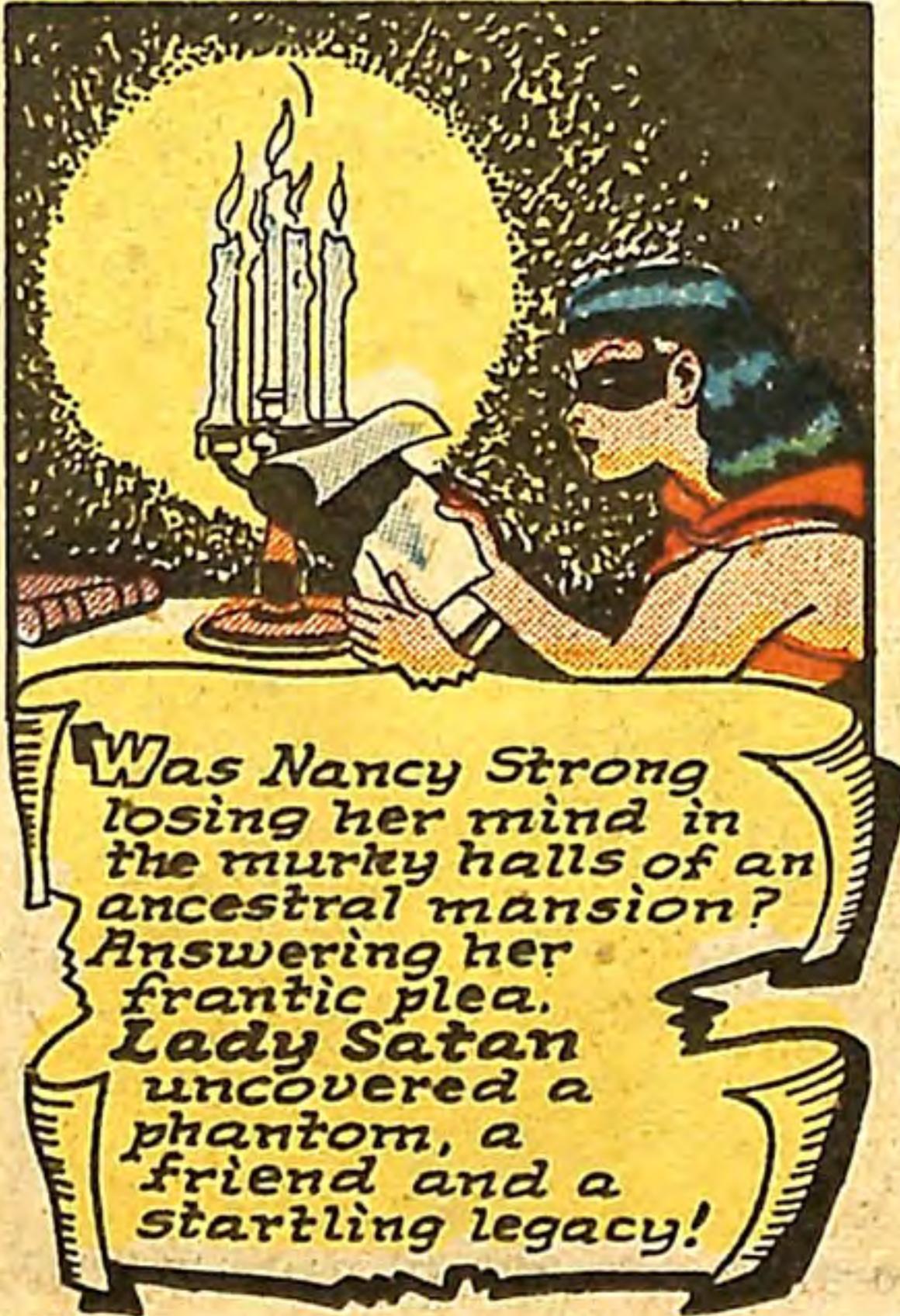
TAKE A SEAT, PLEASE! I'LL CALL HIM!







# LADY SATAN





SOMETIMES I WAKE UP AND FEEL SOMEONE IS HERE WITH ME!

PERHAPS IT'S ONLY A BAD DREAM. GOOD NIGHT, NANCY!



After the clock strikes midnight--

SOMEONE'S COMING. I CAN HEAR THE FLOOR CREAKING!



IT'S NO USE, MR. STRONG. EVEN IF NANCY WERE AWAKE SHE WOULDN'T BE ABLE TO SEE YOU, BUT I CAN! WHAT DO YOU WANT?



OH, I UNDERSTAND. YOU CANNOT SPEAK BUT YOU WANT ME TO FOLLOW YOU. WAIT TILL I SLIP ON NANCY'S CLOTHES.



YOU WERE HER FATHER SO I BELIEVE I CAN TRUST YOU!



I HOPE YOU'RE LEADING ME TO SOMETHING BESIDES A TRAP!



FASTER! IF ANYONE SEES ME, THEY'LL THINK IT'S NANCY WALKING IN HER SLEEP!

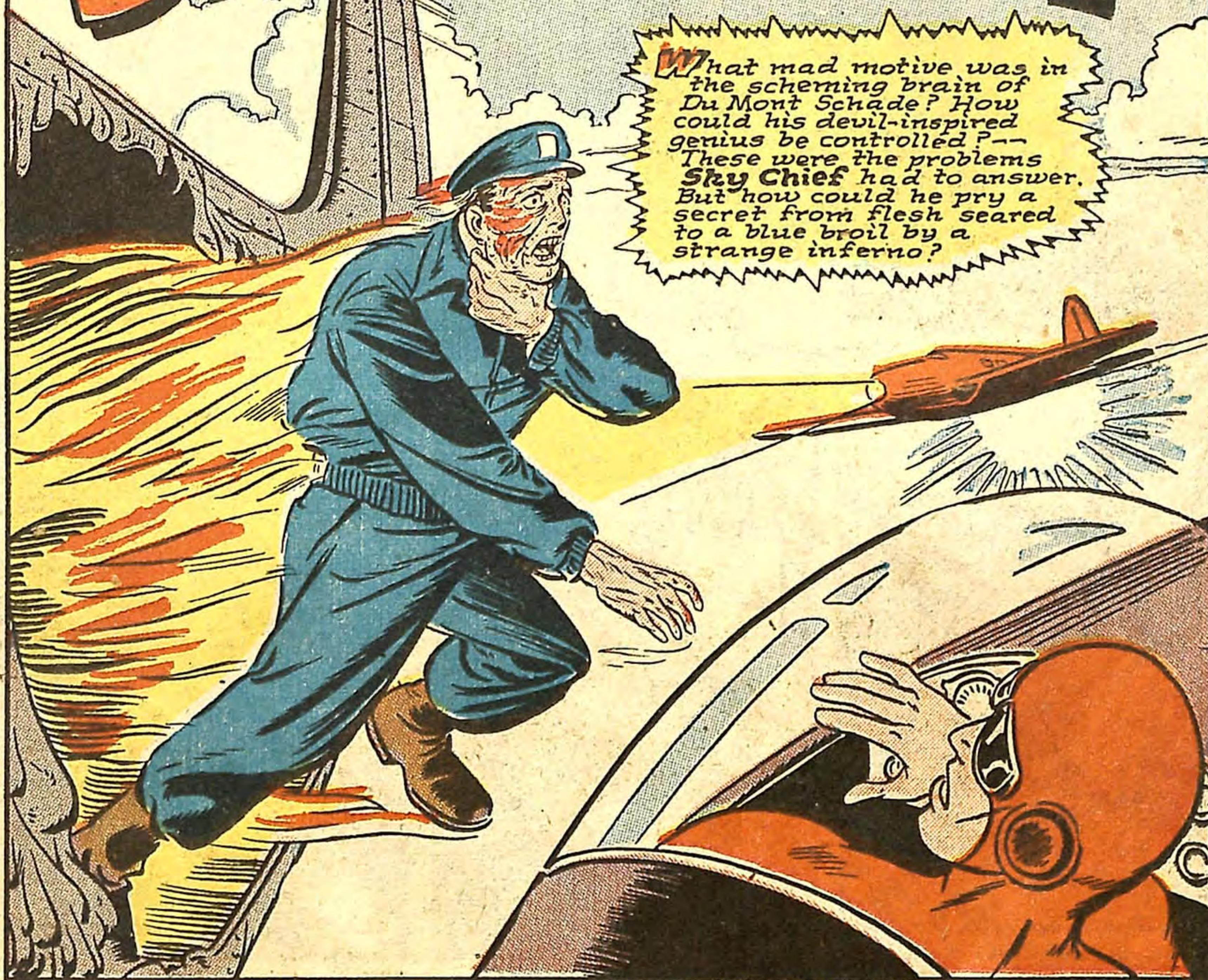


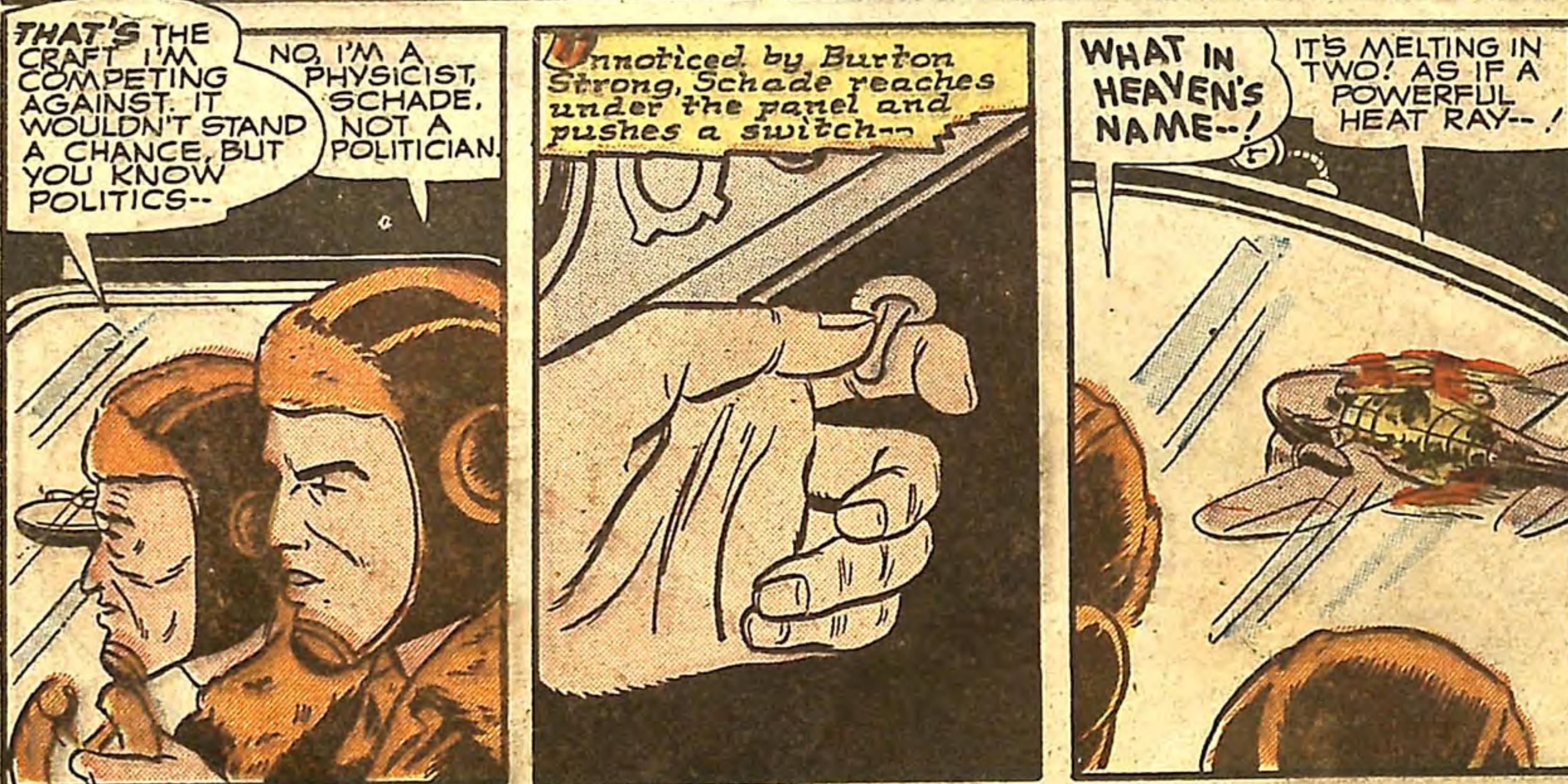






# SKY CHIEF





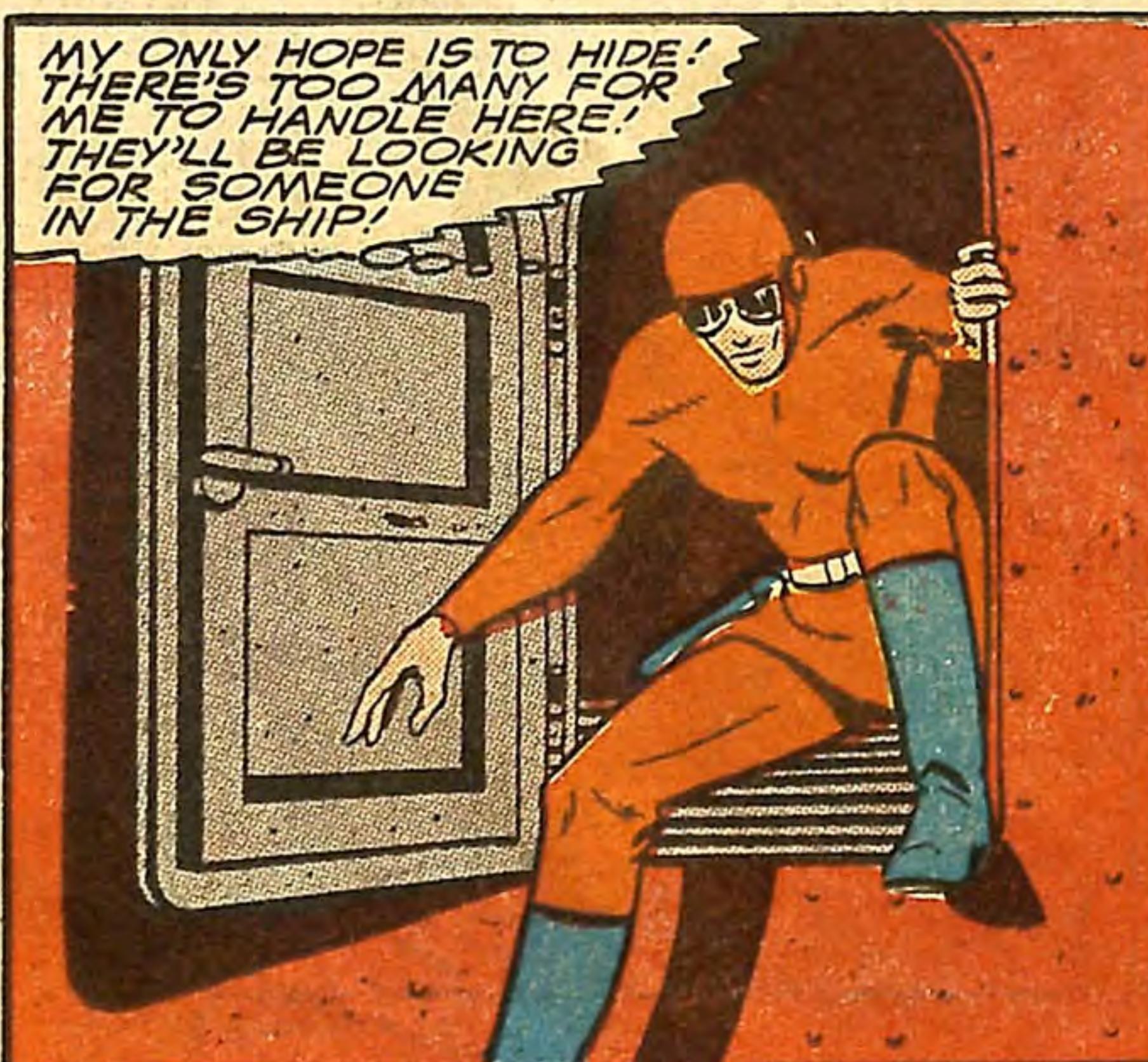


OPEN THOSE HANGAR DOORS, ED! WE'RE TAKING THIS SHIP TO WASHINGTON! THAT RAY DIDN'T SHOW IN THE DAYLIGHT!

COME ON, LINDA, GIVE A HAND ON THEM! SCHADE IS A DEVIL!

WE'LL HAVE TO MAKE THIS FAST!  
LOOK OUT, LINDA!  
THERE'S SCHADE NOW!

SO STRONG SENDS A WOMAN TO DO HIS DIRTY WORK!  
GET YOUR HANDS UP!



I'VE GOT TO MAKE THAT SHIP BEFORE THEY WHEEL IT OUT OF THE HANGAR!

But instead, the Super-Jet's ray smashes a path through the rear of the hangar --

I DIDN'T FIGURE ON THAT! MY ONLY HOPE IS THE SKY SHIP NOW! AND DARN SLIM HOPE IT IS!

WATCH THAT TRANSPORT AHEAD! THESE ELECTRONIC RAYS WILL DISSOLVE IT INTO NOTHING!

YOU RAT, SCHADE! YOU DON'T DARE!

While on the ground--

I'VE GOT TO MAKE IT! HOPE I'M NOT TOO LATE!

THERE'S THE JET AND IT'S ABOUT TO ATTACK THE SOUTHERN BELLE!

SO YOU DARE ME! NO! NO! NO! PLEASE, SCHADE! JUST WATCH HAVEN'T YOU ANY FEELINGS?!

AH, YES, MY DEAR! IF YOU COULD ONLY SEE WHAT THESE EXPANDING ELECTRONIC RAYS CAN DO!

In the doomed transport

HELP! HELP! I'M BURNING UP!



UNTIE ED  
MC KAIL,  
LINDA! I'LL  
HANDLE  
SCHADE FROM  
HERE IN!



# STAND-IN FOR A CORPSE

## MURDER ISN'T A SPORT FOR AMATEURS

Until a spinal infection had crippled Henrietta Bedloe's left leg no one had been able to distinguish between her and her twin sister, Maria. Maria now had been dead a year, buried by the river in the little cemetery. And Henrietta had been married almost as long a time to Dr. Thomas Moreland, twenty years her junior.

By the will of Cyrus Bedloe, father of the twins, Henrietta, the crippled one, received the bulk of his ample estate, with a proviso that Henrietta should support Maria as long as she should live unmarried.

It was not the narrow, cruel tenets of the will, though, that bothered Ed Lesser, the Public Health Commissioner, but Henrietta's sentiment.

"Henrietta's as stubborn as a mule," Lesser said to Detective Frank Finney. "Maria's was the only grave to be dug in the old burial ground in the past fifty years. The town wants to move the body up on the hill to the new cemetery so the river won't be washin' her bones. There's bathin' below in the river and some of the townspeople are squeamish about it now that the river has overflowed twice lately. That's why I called you in."

"My father worked for Old Man Bedloe a good many years," Finney said, "and Henrietta always liked me. Glad it's Henrietta and not Maria I've got to convince, though. Maria was mean and used to sock me when she could get away with it. Maria had a grip like a vise. Athletic type."

Dr. Moreland, Henrietta's husband, let Finney into the old mansion. Moreland was big, over six feet tall and weighed in the neighborhood of two hundred. He was about thirty-five.

Finney found Henrietta in a wheelchair. She reached out and took Finney's hand in both of hers.

"It's nice to see you, Frank," she said, her voice cracking and rather high-pitched.

"I came about the cemetery, Henrietta," Finney said.

The woman's jaw clamped tight. Henrietta shook her head. "It's no use and if that's all you came for, Dr. Moreland will show you out," she said.

Downstairs Finney remarked, "It's been a long time since I've been on the place, Dr. Moreland. Mind if I look around?"

Finney went outside and down the hatchway to the dank cellar. Memories not altogether

pleasant crowded through his mind. Many a winter night he had worked long and hard trying to get heat from the old hot-air furnace, with its clogged and smoky pipes and inadequate drafts.

Twenty minutes later Finney returned from the cellar and walked to the street. He waited casually back of a clump of shrubbery, watched patiently. Suddenly he hurried back toward the house, rushed inside without knocking and bumped hard into Moreland who was getting out fast. Finney was ready and kept his balance, but Moreland spilled, fell backward to the floor.

A motion at the head of the stairs caught Finney's eye. He raised his head. Moreland saw the division of attention. He rose and sprang at Finney. Finney came back with a right that sent Moreland sprawling again. The detective dove to follow up, but Moreland yanked out an automatic and fired.

The bullet grazed Finney's head, but he fell on the gun arm. Both grappled on the floor. Then Finney got in a punch first to Moreland's wind and then to his jaw. Moreland stiffened out and Finney got up.

"Okay," Finney called up the stairway, "come on down, Maria!"

Maria Bedloe, her head held high, stepped proudly down the carpeted stairs.

"I'm glad it's over," she said.

Ed Lesser was waiting with the Chief at headquarters.

"All my life," confessed Maria, "I waited on Henrietta. When the Doctor began courting her I knew it was for her money. One night I gave Henrietta a sleeping pill and put her into my bed. I took her place and suggested Dr. Moreland do something about my sister. Dr. Moreland gave 'Maria' a hypodermic injection from which she never recovered. When Dr. Moreland found out his mistake it was too late, for he, too, was involved. Thus I got the estate and the Doctor."

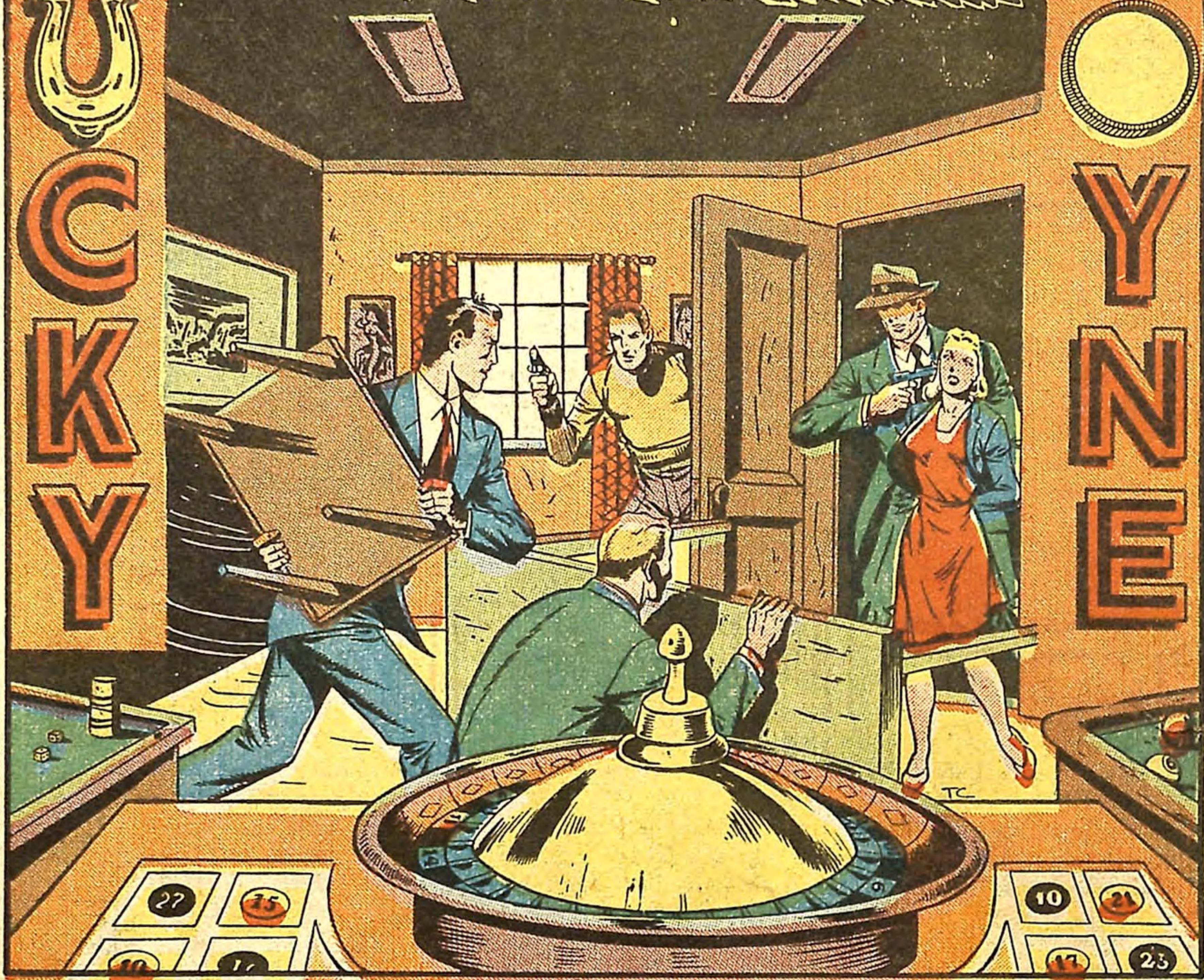
Later Ed Lesser shook his head wonderingly "How did you get wise, Frank?" he asked.

"I was sure when she shook my hand she was Maria. I KNOW that grip! So I started a furnace fire. From past experience I was certain the fire would send smoke through the house. Maria and Doc thought it was the house burning. Moreland was taking a powder to save his own skin. Maria—well, I just smoked her out!"

# L U C K Y

# C O Y N E

Trouble boils over when "The World's" ace reporter hunts a front page scoop in the strange disappearance of a playboy. But how can **Lucky Coyne** get a by-line on the story and keep his own name out of the "death notices"?



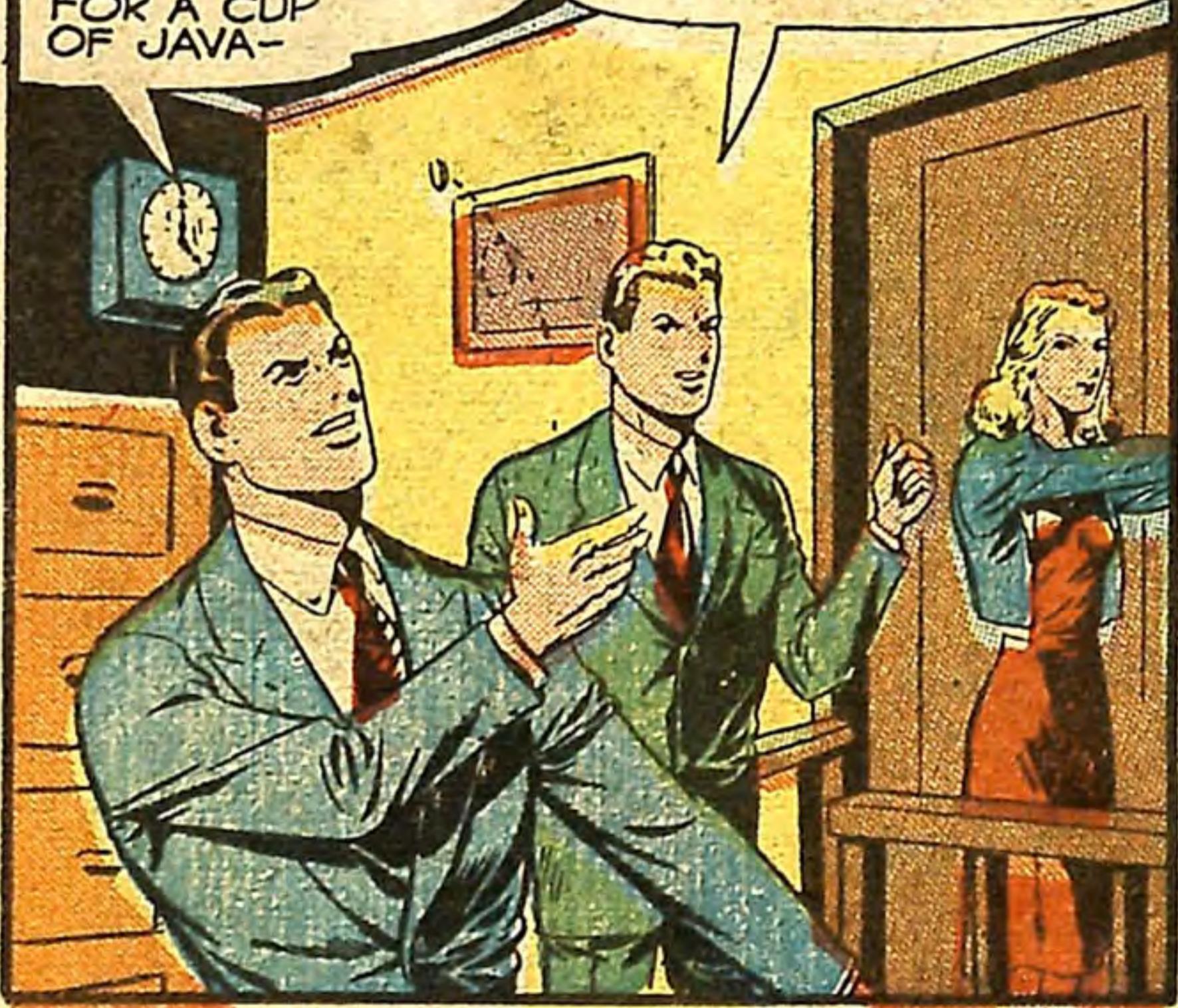
WELL, IT'S FIVE O'CLOCK! **HEADS** WE ALL GO DOWN FOR A CUP OF JAVA-

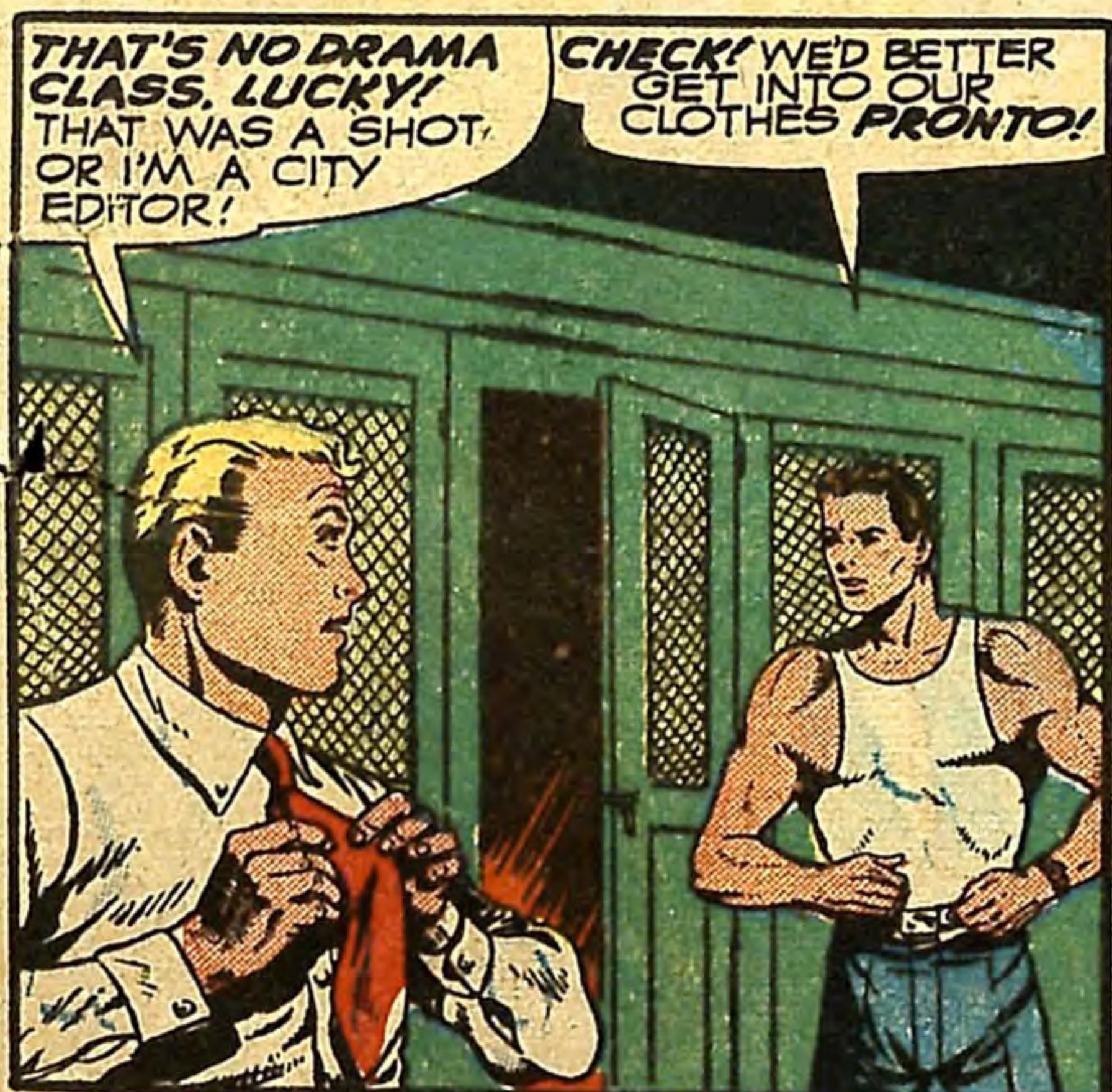
TAILS! BUT WAIT--LUCKY! THE CHIEF IS CALLING YOU'

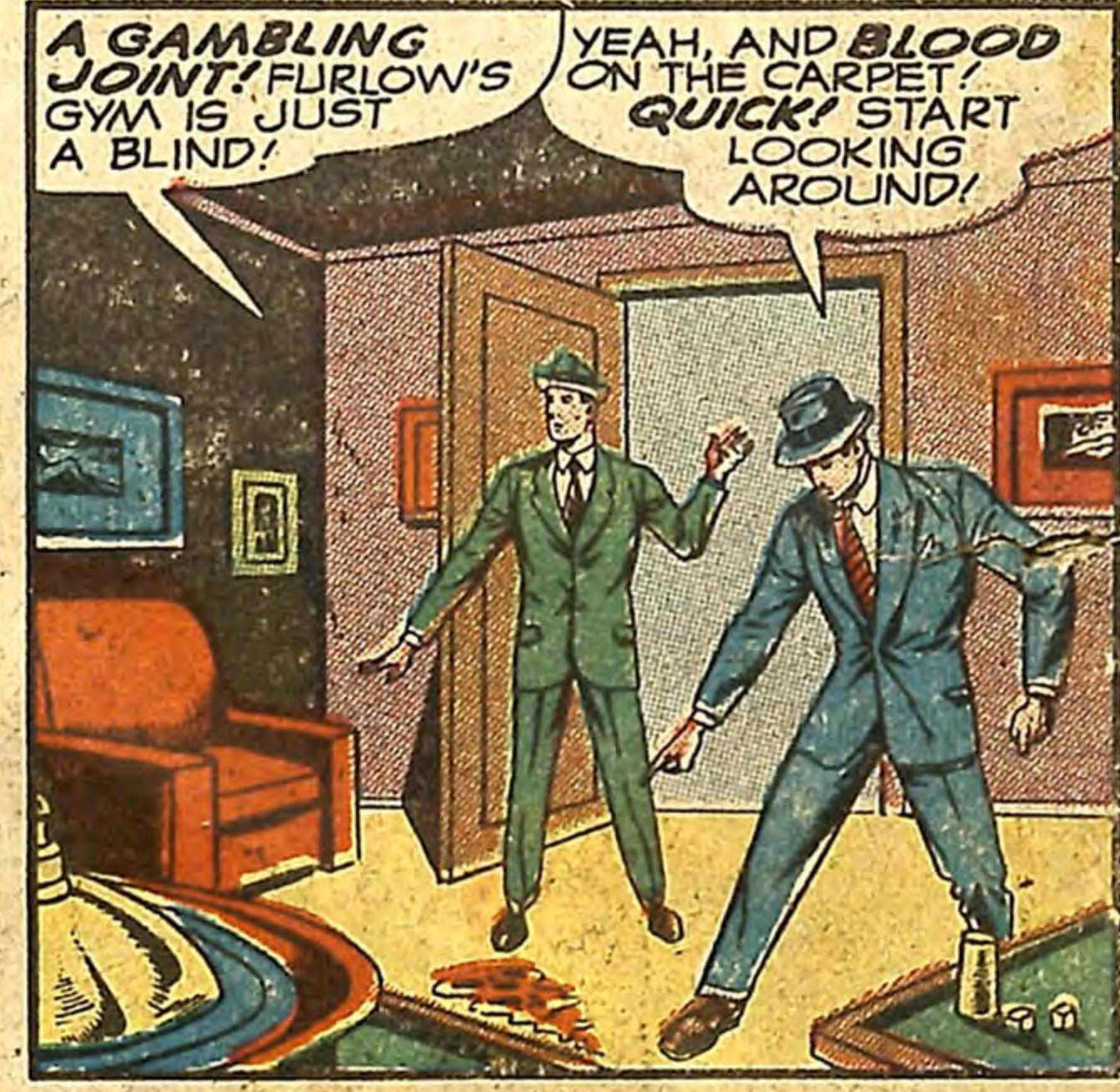
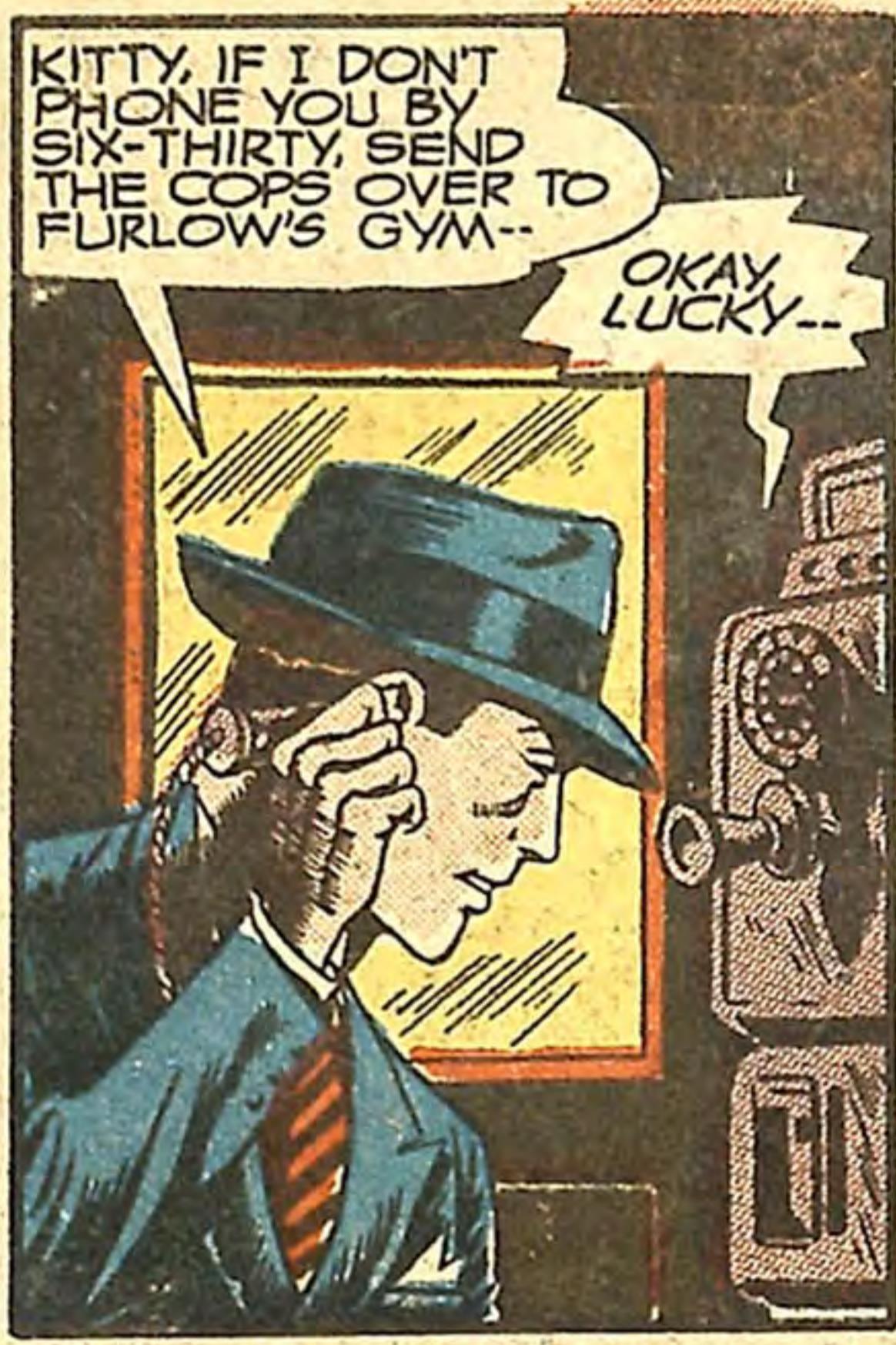
A few minutes later--

LET'S GO, TERRY!  
**WE'VE GOT TO FIND WHY RICHARD RICE III DISAPPEARED!**

SCRAM, YOU TWO!  
I HAVE TO WORK OVERTIME ON ADVICE TO THE LOVELORN!









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